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The Literary Week.

MR. BRYCE has been the most widely reviewed author of the week. Every daily paper has discussed his "Studies in Biography" at such a length that the industrious reader could almost pass an examination in the volume. A book of the week, valuable in its particular way, but not one that will be extensively reviewed, is Mr. Bendall's "Catalogue of the Sanskrit Manuscripts" in the British Museum. The novels have been few but interesting. They include volumes by Mr. Conrad, Mr. Quiller-Couch, and Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne. Mr. George Moore's "Untilled Field" will be issued on Monday. Among other publications of the week we note the following:—

STUDIES IN CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY. By James Bryce.

The studies are twenty in number, and include such names as those of Beaconsfield, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, W. E. Gladstone, Charles Stuart Parnell, Anthony Trollope, and John Richard Green. In his preface Mr. Bryce says: "These Studies are . . . not to be regarded as biographies, even in miniature. My aim has rather been to analyse the character and powers of each of the persons described, and, as far as possible, to carry the impression which each made in the daily converse of life. All of them, except Lord Beaconsfield, were personally, and most of them intimately, known to me."

STUDIES IN THEOLOGY. By T. Estlin Carpenter and P. H. Wicksteed.

A volume containing thirteen essays, seven being written by Mr. Carpenter and six by Mr. Wicksteed. All have appeared before, either as separate publications or in periodicals or collections. The opening study is by Mr. Wicksteed on "The Religion of Time and the Religion of Eternity." Some of the other titles read: "The Place of Immortality in Religious Belief," "The Liberal Faith," "The Place of Jesus in History," "Religion and Society." The last named concludes thus: "But above all and in all they will keep alive in their own hearts, and strive to

wake in the hearts of others, that living love of nature, of man, and of God, which if a man have not, it is in vain for him to gain the whole world."

THE EDINBURGH WAVERLEY.

With the four volumes just issued, containing "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous," and the tenth volume of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," this beautiful edition reaches completion. The publication has extended over two years. The plates form a valuable collection of Scott portraits, and many authentic portraits of Scott's relatives, friends, and contemporaries are also included. The "Edinburgh Waverley" is a worthy example of modern publishing; page, paper, and type are alike excellent, and the binding appropriately simple. The novels and the life together make a total of fifty-eight volumes.

EDWARD FITZGERALD wrote to F. Tennyson in 1850, "I have begun to nibble at Spanish," and three years later his renderings of "Six Dramas of Calderon" were published. These renderings have just been re-issued in the "King's Classics" series. Whatever FitzGerald touched took colour from his own personality; he never pretended to be an exact translator, he always strove to get at the spirit of his author. He was, in a sense, a "nibbler" all his life, but he was a divine nibbler. People have often conjectured what he might have done if he had overcome his natural propensity to passive contemplation. Such conjecture, however, is useless. He was primarily an intense and original appreciator, and on the lines of appreciation he achieved greatness. When the Calderon translations were published the reviewers, as Mr. Aldis Wright said, "did not take the trouble to understand him." The "Leader" was unfavourable, and the "Athenæum" had "a more determined spit" at him. FitzGerald wrote to Crabbe: "I told you how likely this was to be the case: and so am not surprised. . . . I believe those who read the book, without troubling themselves whether it is a free translation, like it. . . ." Criticism to-day is all on FitzGerald's side. He has come fully into his own. No great reputation was ever founded on so small an amount of almost perfect work.

Is the May number of the "Pall Mall Magazine," Mr. Henley has an article, apropos of Prof. Raleigh's study, on "The Secret of Wordsworth." We do not find Mr. Henley in this instance particularly illuminating or reasonably critical. Such a general statement as this may be allowed to pass: "the world at large, 'tis safe to say, is still scarce conscious of his fateful and enormous presence, and after all these years has but begun to concern itself blindly and fumblingly with his true meaning, his secret, what he said to himself in the privacy of his soul, but was not poet enough to express in the authentic terms of poetry, excepting now and then and here and there." The statement, we repeat, may be allowed to pass, though it returns to that old matter of "true meaning" and "secret" which really does not come in at all. There is no mystery about Wordsworth's meaning, and his "secret" is open to any reader who does not insist upon searching for the non-existent. Therefore when Mr. Henley goes on to say that "none has explained him" we simply reply that it is no one's business to undertake the unnecessary. Comment we have had in plenty on every phase of Wordsworth's life and work, and much of it has been valuable comment, but of explanation, save for the very young, none was required. For "four-fifths of his time," Mr. Henley says, Wordsworth was "but a piddling poetaster." Mr. Henley's exuberance of phrase will out at all cost, even though justification lags far behind. Wordsworth at his worst, and his worst was bad enough, was never a "piddling poetaster." Later Mr. Henley writes:—

in Wordsworth's handling of metre there is nearly always, as it seems to me, a touch of the pedant, or—still better!—of the bumpkin, the yokel, the lout. In "The Prelude" he uses what words he wills; but the effect of his use of them is essentially formal, uninspiring, dull. And when he leaves the heroic iambic, and essays to scour the plain in lighter rhythms, he affects me nineteen times in twenty with a sense of hobnails and grey worsted stockings.

There are certainly many passages in "The Prelude" which are neither formal, uninspiring, nor dull.

MR. RICHARD HENRY STODDARD has recently given to the Authors' Club of New York part of his library and collection of manuscripts. The manuscripts include many autograph letters of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Wordsworth, and Hawthorne, and the books some fine early editions, particularly of seventeenth century writers. On the top margin of the title page of a copy of Aleman's "Life of Guzman d'Alfarache," 1634, is the inscription, "John Keats, from his friend J (ames) R. (ice), 20 April, 1818." On two of the pages are notes in Keats's hand, and a pencilled caricature. Such a gift as this of Mr. Stoddard's is far rarer than it should be. Much valuable material of all kinds is scattered by executors: the right thing is to fix the destination of cherished books and papers before the owner is called away. This Mr. Stoddard has generously and wisely done.

In her introduction to "Poems by John Keats" in the "Red Letter Library" Mrs. Meynell says:—

"Simple and sensuous"—part of a famous phrase—are words that describe the secondary poetry of Keats, and the ideal that it suggests—a good custom corrupted—suited his worst mood only too well. The senses of Keats were not vigorous, but they were exceedingly luxurious and sensitive. At his best he has the true passion of thought. The "Ode to a Nightingale" has simple thought, but true thought, living grief, and an immediate contemplation of the living world.

Mrs. Meynell says later: "His taste went wrong, apparently, under the influence of such 'poetry' as that of Leigh Hunt's 'Rimini,' and he improved much

upon all the characteristics of this wretched model." As a model, no doubt, "Rimini" is bad enough, yet it has alert and gracefully gliding passages. And in thinking of Leigh Hunt we can never forget what Keats and Shelley, as well as others, owed to his constant sympathy and appreciation.

THURSDAY was the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and death day, and the occasion has naturally produced the usual crop of comment and verse. From Canon Rawnsley, who never neglects such opportunities, we have received the following sonnet:—

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

Stratford-on-Avon, 23rd April.

This is the day the burgher-bailiff's son
Saw light by gleaming Avon—this the day
He found a fuller light, exchanged the bay
For Amaranth, heard the angels shout "well done,"
And, welcome, joined the high communion
Of those whose song unstopped dull ears of clay,
Who brought earth echoes of the heavenly lay,
And back to truth the soul of Nature won.
And shall we not on such a morning cry
"St. George for Merrie England," seeing he ran
Full tilt at lust of fame and lust of pelf,
And having mirrored England to herself
Came home to Stratford's fields, to live and die,
True mirror of an English gentleman.

NEXT Sunday and Monday the Stage Society is to produce at the Imperial Theatre Mr. Christopher St. John's translation of H. Heijerman's "Good Hope." The cast includes Miss Rosina Filippi, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Edith Craig, Mr. Lyall Swete, Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. C. B. Clarence.

THE "Pilot" prints an article "In Defence of the Soliloquy." The writer defends the soliloquy against its modern critics, and asserts that it is both artistic and necessary. If it be beautiful or dramatic in itself no one would be likely to object, but when it is employed, as it constantly is, for conveying explanations which might very well have been given in dialogue, the objection is a perfectly legitimate one. The writer says:—

Imagine *Hernani* without the great twofold soliloquy before the tomb of Charlemagne, imagine *Le Roi s'amuse* without the awful pæan of Triboulet! (It may be that this last travels in conception beyond the just limits of the horrible in tragedy, but the execution atones.) Such soliloquies would, of course, be impossible in a country where people attend the theatre only to be entertained, and where a historical disquisition, although entirely in keeping with the character and germane to the situation, would be incomprehensible, but still even in reading the pleasure is immense. Such soliloquies are not to be given up in any circumstances.

No one suggests, we imagine, that such soliloquies should be given up; the objection is to the inartistic and slovenly patches which disfigure so many plays in order to save dramatists the trouble of careful construction.

THE compilers of indexes are, as we all know, easily led astray. A correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" points out a curious error in the index to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in which the name of J. Taylor Brown, who was a contributor to the "Encyclopædia," appears as the author of "Horæ Subsecivæ" and "Rab and His Friends." The "Chronicle's" correspondent points out, however, that the Dr. John Taylor Brown, whose library was recently sold in Edinburgh, had no connection with the Dr. John Brown

who wrote "Horæ Subsecivæ," a work of which "Rab and His Friends" formed a part. He adds: "Both had the inexplicable misfortune to live in windy Edinburgh, but, so far at least as the confusing relationships of the posterity of Dr. John Brown, of Haddington, from whom the author of 'Horæ Subsecivæ' was descended, is known to me, no connection existed between them, though I admit that for several generations Dr. John Brown's family have possessed a sad habit of confusing all genealogists by running rashly into second marriages."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "In a little pamphlet that Emile Faguet, of the Académie Française, has just published on Zola, he raises a very interesting literary question. He says: 'Zola écrivit trop tôt. Tout homme qui écrit avant trente ans et qui ne consacre pas l'âge d'or de la vie, de la vingtième année à la trentième, à lire, à observer et à réfléchir, sans écrire une ligne, risque de n'avoir pas de cerveau et de n'être qu'un ouvrier littéraire. Il y a des exceptions: mais elles sont rares.' Is Faguet right, or those who contend that perfect writing comes from practice: *fit fabricando faber*? I do not think the exceptions are as rare as M. Faguet seems to think."

THE Anglian Cross which is to be set up as a memorial to Bede on Roker Point has been designed by Mr. Charles Hodges. The shaft of the Cross on the west side will be ornamented with scroll patterns from the Lindisfarne Gospel and from the stones at Jarrow, and will contain, within a twisted loop of the duck-billed serpent seen on the Monkwearmouth door-way, pictorial subjects from the life of Bede. On the east side will be Roman lettering giving two extracts from Bede's works—one from the Ecclesiastical History, one from his life of St. Cuthbert—both extracts speaking of the accuracy and care with which he worked. On the south side, within a vine scroll, will be carved in alto and bas relief the heads and busts of the friends and associates of Bede. On the north side, a scroll introducing birds and animals, springing from a harp emblematic of his poetic gifts, will show Bede's love of Nature. Beneath these four sculptured sides will run in a band the little verse written by Bede on his death-bed, beginning, 'Fore there nedfarae,' in Latin, in Rune, in Minuscule and in English.

AN admirable article on the work and character of the late Lord Acton is printed in the current "Edinburgh Review." The paper closes with these eloquent and balanced words:—

... he was truly an artist: his work of art was his life. Within the bounds of human frailty he preserved it free from any taint of meanness, of selfishness, of wrong, and of sin. In the light of this moral fulfilment he practised his religion. Centuries of errors, heavily burdened with the work of man, did not shake his faith in the promises which have attended the advent of Christianity. He wooed religion with the unflinching sincerity of love, grateful for the graces which, from the cradle to the grave, had been the blessing of his life. He committed the future of Catholic Christendom, and with it of mankind itself, to the paternal love and care of One who is patient because He is Eternal, of One to whom a thousand years are as a day.

THIS week the first of the series of Westminster Lectures was delivered by Mr. H. Belloc in the old Westminster Town Hall. Mr. Belloc dealt with the example of modern Paris in so far as it could be applied to the problems which confront London to-day. The object of this series of lectures is to present as vividly and concisely as possible expert explanation and comment upon current changes in

literary and historical opinion, and also in the development of applied science. In the second lecture Mr. G. K. Chesterton is to discuss the effect of modern political developments upon contemporary literature. Amongst other lecturers we notice the names of Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

THE will of the late Mr. Augustus Hare has been proved at £22,157. There are no fewer than eighty-four legatees named in the document. A portrait of himself is bequeathed, if acceptable, to the library of Harrow School, and his "little dog Nero" is confided to his housekeeper.

Two volumes full of interesting material have reached us in "An Anecdotal History of Old Times in Singapore," by Mr. Charles Burton Buckley. The period covered is from the foundation of the Settlement under the Honourable the East India Company in 1819 to the transfer to the Colonial Office in 1869. Much of the book appeared in the form of articles in the "Singapore Free Press," which articles have now been revised and added to. The work is confessedly only a compilation, but it is packed with valuable and suggestive matter for the observant eye.

IN "The Avon Star," which is edited by Miss Marie Corelli, and described as a "Literary Manual," we find twenty-seven pages devoted to the "Spoliation of Henley Street" and the "Carnegie Free Library." In a letter to "The Times" the Secretary of the London Shakespeare League asks for time in which to get signatures to a popular appeal against the proposed demolition. Such a request can hardly, we should suppose, be refused.

THE choice of a successor to the late Colonel Henderson as official historian of the Boer War has fallen upon Major-General Sir John F. Maurice. Major-General Maurice won the Wellington Prize Essay Competition in 1872 against Lord Wolseley, who shortly afterwards made his victor his private secretary. Major-General Maurice has written largely on the art of war, and contributed to Messrs. Macmillan's "English Citizen" series a monograph on "National Defences."

THE "New York American" has discovered that Mr. Joseph Conrad is the "New Great Figure in Literature." We read:—

In the early criticisms of his work Conrad was compared to Kipling and to Bret Harte. He is a greater than either. He equals their intimacy with their scenes and characters and presents them as vividly, but with this skill he combines a largeness of literary purpose and a universality beyond them.

Unlike Kipling, the mechanism of his composition is noiseless and all hidden. He leads you into brilliant passages and you are only dazzled, when you turn back the pages to re-read the lines that have moved you so deeply.

As for the people of his books, they are the actual beings of the life he describes. The second mate of a trading ship is a good enough hero for him. He can make a fascinating chapter of a ship sailing without incident over a glassy sea, and a whole book of a single storm—and make you regret there is not more of it.

When a man writes like this it does not matter what he writes about or whether he lays his scene in the Eastern seas or on Broadway. He chooses the background for his drama instead of fabricating a story to fit a background.

Every book he has written bears the unmistakable mark of genius. The stories he tells brim with life and strength and interest; the manner of their telling is as good as the matter.

There is a buoyant certainty about all this, but it is not criticism.

THE current issue of the "Studio" is the tenth anniversary number. The "Studio" was the pioneer of the new development in art magazines, and it remains the best of them. This number contains two valuable articles—one by Mr. Wynford Dewhurst on "Impressionist Painting," the other on "The Art of Painted Enamels," by Mr. Alexander Fisher.

THE correspondence in the "Parry v. Moring and Another" case seems interminable. The plaintiff's solicitors have now entered the field with a letter to "The Times" of three-quarters of a column. Those who desire to study the case so far as it has gone in all its bearings, will find the matter set forth in a pamphlet which has just been issued. This contains a report of the Chancery action, and the correspondence between the plaintiff and Dr. Furnivall. The publishers are Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes.

Bibliographical.

"A good biography of Poe is still to be desired," says "C. K. S." in "The Sphere." Let us look for a moment at what we already have. Omitting all anonymous prefaces or introductions, we find that the following memoirs of Poe have been issued in England of late years: "Life, Letters, and Opinions of Edgar Allen Poe," by Mr. J. H. Ingram (1880, 1886, 1891); sketch by R. H. Stoddard as preface to the Works (1884); another by N. H. Dole, as preface to the Poems (1897); and another by George Woodberry in an edition of the Works (1895-6). "C. K. S." refers only to the memoirs by Stoddard and Woodberry; why ignore Mr. Ingram, who has done more than any Englishman or American to bring out the truth concerning Poe? That good work was begun in 1857 by Mr. W. Moy Thomas, but was not taken up seriously until 1874, when Mr. Ingram started a series of articles which led up to his biographical preface to the edition of the Works brought out in that year. He wrote a special account of Poe for an edition of the Poems and Essays in 1884. His full biography of 1880 was reproduced in 1891 as a unit of the Minerva Library, and probably is still procurable in that form. It has the great merit of being transparently honest and disinterested, and has not yet been superseded. Meanwhile, the memoirs by Stoddard and Woodberry are practically out of the reach of the average English buyer. The handiest edition of Poe is still that prefaced by Baudelaire and issued by Messrs. Chatto, though, in all but its criticism, Baudelaire's essay is much behind the times.

"C. K. S." remarks further upon the absence from the "English Men of Letters" series of biographies of Leigh Hunt and Thomas Moore. The omissions are inexcusable; but in the case of Hunt the "amende" was very successfully made by the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse in the "Great Writers" series. Great writer Hunt was not, but a very agreeable one, surely? And he did much, certainly, to popularize what is best in English literature? Of Moore I know no separate, handy memoir save that which Mr. A. J. Symington wrote for a short series called "Men of Light and Leading" (Blackie & Son, 1880). This is inadequate, of course, but better than nothing, and rendered especially acceptable by the liberal quotations from Moore's "Diary." By the way, a little book of selections from that "Diary" appeared about four years ago; and one wondered that the thing had not been done before.

We are promised a new Life of Columbus which, I gather, is to put all its predecessors in the shade and render any successor unnecessary. This is rather good

news, for of biographies of Christopher there are many, and one would be glad to see the procession brought to a full-stop. One remembers, in particular, the flood of memoirs of Columbus which fell upon us in 1891-3. In the first-named year came Justin Winsor's work; in 1892, "Lives," large or small, by C. R. Markham, E. E. Seelye, C. K. Adams, F. Saunders, and C. I. Ellon; in 1893, ditto ditto by H. B. Adams and H. Wood, Margaret Dixon, A. Innes, Mariana Monteiro, and E. S. Brooks. The year 1892 also brought with it a new edition of the "Life" by Washington Irving, and an edition of the writings of Columbus edited by Paul Leicester Ford. Since then (in 1896) we have had a new edition of Sir Arthur Helps's volume.

In "The Canterbury Pilgrims," written by Mr. Percy Mackaye, and published by Messrs. Macmillan, we are to have, I note, "a comedy or comic masque based on Chaucer," in which the poet is himself to play the "central" part. The treatment, says my authority, is "boldly American and colloquial," the author being "more concerned to write vigorous farce, intermixed with spirited poetry, than to be mediæval in form." Meanwhile, one is left in doubt as to whether this is to be a work of narrative fiction or a dramatic composition. If the latter, Mr. Mackaye may be reminded of the opera called "The Canterbury Pilgrims," written by Gilbert & Beckett, composed by Villiers Stanford, and produced at Drury Lane in the early eighties. In this case, fortunately, the treatment was not "boldly American."

Among forthcoming reprints, it seems, we are to have, from Messrs. Newnes, a new edition of Charles Whitehead's "Richard Savage." This, no doubt, will be welcome as coming (I presume), in regard to price, between the seven shillings and sixpence which Mr. Bentley asked for his edition of 1896, and the simple sixpence which Messrs. Dicks asked for theirs in 1891.

"G. A. B." asks me to tell him of a moderately-priced edition of Richard Jefferies' "Story of My Heart." Messrs. Longman published that book in 1891 at three-and-six, and no doubt copies of that edition are procurable.

I proceed, as requested, with my list of the books published by Mr. Henry James in this country. I have given the miscellaneous works. Now come the novels: "The American" (1877), "The Europeans" (1878), "Roderick Hudson" (Macmillan, 1879), "The Reverberator" (Macmillan, 1880), "Confidence" (Chatto, 1880), "The Portrait of a Lady" (Macmillan, 1881), "The Bostonians" (Macmillan, 1886), "The Princess Casamassima" (Macmillan, 1886), "The Tragic Muse" (Macmillan, 1890), "The Other House" (Heinemann, 1896), "The Spoils of Poynton" (Heinemann, 1897), "In the Cage" (Duckworth, 1898), "What Maisie Knew" (Heinemann, 1898), "The Awkward Age" (Heinemann, 1899), "The Sacred Fount" (Methuen, 1901), "The Wings of the Dove" (Constable, 1902).

Now for Mr. James's volumes consisting of two or more short stories, and named (in most cases) after the first story in each: "Daisy Miller" (Macmillan, 1879), "The Madonna of the Future" (Macmillan, 1879), "Washington Square" (Macmillan, 1881), "The Siege of London" (Macmillan, 1883), "Tales of Three Cities" (Macmillan, 1884), "Stories Revived" (Macmillan, 1885), "The Aspern Papers" (Macmillan, 1888), "A London Life" (Macmillan, 1889), "The Lesson of the Master" (Macmillan, 1892), "The Private Life" (Osgood, 1893), "The Real Thing" (Macmillan, 1893), "Terminations" (Heinemann, 1895), "Embarrassments" (Heinemann, 1896), "The Two Magics" (Heinemann, 1898), "The Soft Side" (Methuen, 1900), "The Better Sort" (1903). If I have omitted anything, perhaps someone will let me know.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Tolstoy as a Dramatist.

THE PLAYS OF LEO TOLSTOY. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

It was an excellent idea of Mr. and Mrs. Maude's to couple together "The Power of Darkness" and "The Fruits of Culture," and so make a volume of "Plays" in the "Revised Edition" of Tolstoy's Works, which edition Mr. Maude modestly announces in his Preface "should consist" of twenty-nine volumes! The more good translations of Tolstoy offered to the English public the better. The translation of both the plays in question is capitally done, being racy and idiomatic. Certainly the present version of "The Fruits of Culture" is far superior to that made by Dr. Dillon in 1891, which some of our readers may remember was "introduced" to the English reading public with a rather superior "Note" by Mr. Pinero. The English dramatist found nothing to say in praise of Tolstoy's drama, though he suggested indeed that its adaptability to stage representation might not be very patent to English readers. Of course Tolstoy is not a "dramatist" in the modern narrow sense—i.e., a writer who depends chiefly upon his knowledge of effective stage technique to make his manœuvred creations sufficiently plausible to his audience. Tolstoy's dramas are more like Molière's, i.e., naturalistic scenes from daily life, dramas which depend for their artistic illusion more on their minute portrayal of human nature and their satiric picture of human society than on the effective interaction of stage types in producing dramatic situations. It may be remarked here that all the great dramatists create such strongly and richly defined human types, however highly idealised they may be, that the actors have only to produce a natural rendering (and the more subtle the dramatist's poetic conceptions the more difficult, of course, are the actors' tasks) to be a success; whereas with the ephemeral third-rate dramatists the human types they create are so thinly and vaguely drawn, so weak and ill-determined is their truth to human nature, that the actors themselves have to put most of "the character" into the part—as in Sardou's dramas—or make the play rest on the basis of a stirring, farcical, or a sensational parody of life.

"The Power of Darkness," written for the Russian People's Theatre, has no great human figures in it, figures to appeal to the imagination universally in all countries or ages: on the contrary, it is so absolutely a product of Russian earth, that the European spectator must view it with a mind purged of the prepossessions of his own time and culture. That is to say, the tragedy, as it appeals only to two audiences, the audience of Russians and an audience of artists, is never likely to be properly interpreted on the French, German, or English stage. But although the audience will be wanting, a great national drama, this cruel and sombre study of peasant life, will remain. The subject of the play is human weakness and human sin. Anisya, the peasant wife, married to the sickly Peter, has a secret intrigue with Nikita, a young labourer in their employ. Nikita's old mother, Matryóna, wishing to see Nikita settled in life, persuades Anisya to poison her husband so that her peasant lover may step into the dead man's shoes. She commits the crime, but Nikita, married to her, secures the money, and hating her crime, seduces Akoulina, her stepdaughter. When Akoulina has a child, the jealous Anisya and the old hag Matryóna, afraid of the scandal, persuade Nikita to kill it, so that Akoulina may be married off to a distant peasant suitor. Nikita being a weak man, consents, but stricken by remorse confesses, and lays open the whole web of sin, on the eve of Akoulina's wedding. Now this black study of human

greed and human sin, abounding in terrible scenes (and the scene of the child murder is perhaps the most terrible ever put on the modern stage) has the moral force and poetic dignity of an ancient Greek tragedy. "The Power of Darkness," this drama of coarse, squalid peasant life, with seduction, murder, and infanticide treated with a horrible realism, nevertheless "purges the soul by pity and terror" no less than does "King Lear" or "Othello." If we are to believe a certain school of critics, this prerogative of "purging the soul" belongs only to "noble" drama in which "elevated subjects" are treated in a noble, poetic style. But "The Power of Darkness," filled with peasant slang and repulsive and sordid details, proves again that in great literature the stuff of life or subject-matter may be anything, and that it is not the technical treatment, classic, romantic, or realistic, that determines its rank, but the artist's own attitude to life, his own spirit. And Tolstoy's attitude being that of a great artist-moralist, who knows human nature in all its variants, and analyses unerringly human motives and passions, this terribly realistic picture of depraved life is truly as "noble" in itself and carries with it as strong a breath of the littleness of human life and the force of destiny as any great drama of the heroic school.

Of course each school of drama has its special beauties, its particular excellences. But modern society does not love great drama of any kind. Why are the great Greek dramas never staged to-day? Why is Molière never interpreted on the English stage by English actors? Why is Calderon an unknown name to a European audience? Why is Shakespeare represented by perhaps three or four plays at irregular intervals annually in London? Why are the other Elizabethan dramatists a dead letter to actors? Simply for the same reason that Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness" will not be acted in our day, in England, or if acted, will be burlesqued. And that reason is not that Sophocles, Euripides, Molière, Calderon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Ibsen, Ostravsky, or Tolstoy are not worthy of our modern audiences, but that a modern audience is not cultured enough, is too fettered and local in its æsthetic sympathies, to appreciate great drama. The truth is no doubt disconcerting, but why plaster it up with fallacious excuses? Great drama presupposes in the spirit of its audience something that has a certain fineness or loftiness to which it can appeal. And so our mixed audiences of to-day get the drama they deserve.

But is Tolstoy a great dramatist? the reader may enquire, and the critic must reply—no, not great as a dramatist, but his technical powers are strong enough to make "The Power of Darkness" absolutely convincing on the stage. The play has a succession of enthralling dramatic situations. The characters of Anisya the tempted wife, Nikita, the weak man, being led step by step to his destruction, of Matryóna, the wily, insinuating, wicked old woman, a character who knows no fear and no remorse—all these are such psychological masterpieces that the intercourse of the wife, mother, and son bound together by their crime abounds in drama at every turn. A very remarkable feature of "The Power of Darkness" is the same feature that strikes us in the story "Ivan Ilyitch" (both written in 1886), viz., that in each case the reader feels that the author is bending his course towards a predestined moral conclusion, and yet the artistic value of the whole is scarcely injured, if injured at all, by this moral predetermination. The fact is, Tolstoy's genius is the most extraordinary fusion of great moralist with great artist that has ever been seen in literature. Occasionally the moralist drags the artist over the line, as in the end of "Anna Karenina," and of "Resurrection"—but more often the artist's faculties keep the suspicious moralist from wrecking the æsthetic value of each production. And yet the force of "The

"Power of Darkness" is the force of the moralist who is making the artist obey his behests up to the line of æsthetic danger! In "The Fruits of Culture" (1889) we have an engaging satire on Spiritualism, and here the moralist in Tolstoy is in a lighter mood, and works maliciously and gaily with the artist in playfully transfixing educated "gentlefolk" much as a naturalist transfixes his specimens with pins. The comedy is too Russian in tone and colour to be acted successfully on an English stage, and some of its scenes are too lengthy to be effective drama, but it is a delightful play for reading in the closet. Tolstoy's amazing eye for character could scarcely be better evidenced than in the funny séance scene in Act III., where, moreover, the scientists of hypnotism get a handling that recalls some of the best attacks in Molière on the medical charlatans of his day. Nobody in short who cares for real drama can afford to let this volume of Tolstoy's plays go unread.

The Free Churches.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE FREE CHURCHES. By C. Silvester Horne. With 38 full-page Illustrations. (Clarke. 6s.)

A CLOSE and meditative study of Mr. Horne's history, which begins with the reforming activities of John Wyclif and leaves off at those of Mr. Perks, raises a problem that constantly lurks unnoticed at the heart of intellectual life. Why do we reason and dispute? Why, for example, were all the notable men whose actions are set forth in Mr. Horne's chronicles so anxious that other men should share their opinions about religion? To give a true and complete answer is not so easy as one may at first suppose. The motives of a man in controversial mood have a complexity which he himself does not suspect. It is natural to take it for granted that when the subject of controversy is religion a man is moved by consideration for the welfare of those whom he is addressing. Convinced that the truth is in him, and that the truth is of extreme importance, he is vicariously anxious to impart it to his fellows. The assumption is reasonable to a certain extent; but there are alarming abatements. In days not long gone by, Anglican Churchmen cut the ears and slit the noses of fellow-subjects whom they could not by reasoning persuade into Conformity, and Dissenters, in similar predicament, resorted to measures no less atrocious. It is obvious, therefore, that concern for the welfare of our fellows is not the main or the only motive of proselytism. If we were really anxious about other people's souls we should not be so brutal towards their bodies as we habitually tend to be when in the mood of Inquisition. We should not hustle to their eternal fate poor creatures living in the unpardonable sin of heresy. That is absolutely certain. What, then, are the other motives from which we reason and dispute? If we are not mistaken they are, first, a desire to strengthen our belief in our own theories through perceiving their acceptance by other people, and, secondly, sheer delight in contention. Sympathy and rivalry, that is to say, are alike essential to the happiness of man. If there dawns upon us what seems to be a saving truth, we are not quite sure about it until we joyfully witness its adoption by other minds: that is the function of sympathy. Similarly, exercise being as necessary to the health of the mind as it is to that of the body, we naturally find pleasure in a scrimmage of intellect just as we do in a scrimmage at football: that is the function of rivalry.

All these three motives of proselytising energy are to be seen at work in Mr. Horne's vigorous book. Wyclif, who "was a Protestant before Protestantism," declared that "there is such a thing as private judgment in matters theological, and that it is open to the Christian thinker and teacher to call in question even the most cherished dogma of the authoritative Church, and make appeal to

the simplicity of the teaching of Christ." Enthusiastically in sympathy with this proposition, Mr. Horne traces its progress from the Reformation to the present day. The broad history of that period is too familiar to need recapitulation here. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Horne deals with it faithfully according to his lights. Not being superior to the failings of the partisan, he may be thought by the High Churchman and the Erastian to be not quite fair, while to the Catholic, of course, his proposition and his rhetoric will seem wholly absurd. To be specific, let us say that Mr. Horne attributes all episodes of wrong-doing on the part of the Conformists to innate or engrained wickedness, and all episodes of wrong-doing on the part of the Nonconformists either to well-meaning lack of judgment or to the irresistible constraint of circumstance. Against this, however, it would, perhaps, be unphilosophical to protest. Mr. Horne really believes that Conformity is essentially sinful and Nonconformity essentially righteous, and on a subject such as that of religion it is a man's beliefs that we seek in his writings. On Mr. Horne speeds; on, and on, and on; rejoicing over the collapse of ecclesiastical authority which began in earnest with the downfall of Laud, in the great evangelical revival initiated by Wesley, and in the dramatic triumph over Erastianism which he perceives in the disruption of the Church of Scotland. It is all very stirring, and, saving for a constant sorrow that it is internecine strife about which we read, the admirably written pages give us something of the joy of battle; but every now and then creeps over us a chilling doubt. Let it be granted that we do have a right to private judgment in theology: is this a right the theory of which has ever been ideally accomplished? Clearly it is not. A judgment which is the result of constraint from outside cannot be considered private; yet it is in every case a judgment of that kind in which Mr. Horne exults. Each of the Methodist Connexions is the result of a surrender of the right of man's private judgment in favour of the published judgment of some powerful mind, and every one of the other churches known as free is in exactly the same case. There is not a single communion which is free in the sense that a man's judgment is free in theory. There is not a single church which has abandoned the right to expel for heresy. It is not yet thirty years since Dr. Robertson Smith, an exceedingly accomplished as well as highly spiritual scholar, was driven out of the Free Church in Scotland because he had written in "The Encyclopedia Britannica" what he believed to be the truth about the Scriptures. There are innumerable instances of the exercise of absolute authority over men's conscience by churches considering themselves free; but the instance mentioned will suffice. Mr. Horne's attempt to explain it away, and to leave intact the theory that man's right to private judgment is vindicated in the Free Churches, is astonishingly limp. "It should, in fairness, be remembered," he says, that Dr. Robertson Smith "was a minister under the Confession of Faith, . . ." and "it may be urged with some force, therefore, that the Church, by its action, did not exceed its duty." That, while true, is utterly irrelevant. Men who abandon allegiance to the Thirty-nine Articles for a Confession of Faith in some other terms do not thereby become free. They merely exchange one compulsion of their consciences for another.

The truth is that a Church which could give scope to the right of private judgment in religion is inconceivable. This was perceived hundreds of years ago by Robert Browne, who, when the Parliament of England was thinking of disestablishing Episcopacy to make way for Presbyterianism, shrewdly observed that "then in steede of one Pope we shall have a thousand, and of some lord Bishops in name a thousand Lordlie tyrants in deed which now do disdain the names." It is impossible to harmonise the unquestioned fulfilment of this prediction with Mr. Horne's zealous assumption that what he calls "the romance of the

Free Churches" has been the emancipation of man from domination in the matter of religious belief. Those who have shaken off the domination of the old order have put themselves under another. They are free in relation to the Bishops and the Articles; but they are not free in relation to the authorities and the standards of their new Connexions. Thus, calmly considered, "the romance of the Free Churches," so vividly narrated by Mr. Horne, leaves the important question, the fundamental question, unsettled, and even untouched. Whether it is Romanism, or Anglicanism, or Dissent that is right, who can tell? Our privilege of private judgment on that question, or of suspension of judgment, is wholly unaffected by Mr. Horne's industry. That, of course, is as it should be. A thinker who affirms the right of private judgment to be the most valuable of human privileges should rejoice to think that his words have no weight whatever. Theoretically he should rejoice; but really, being human and liable to err, he does not. In the preface, which is in lyric strain and apparently written when the last page was completed, Mr. Horne is frankly political. "In sending this book forth I am glad," he says, "to think that it may be of some service in the great struggles that await Free Churchmen. . . . Men and women of the Free Churches are bracing themselves to renew the fight for unsectarian education and religious equality." Certain men and women, Mr. Horne means, are preparing for a fresh effort to vindicate the claim of minorities, whatever their religion may be, to equal treatment by the State. How are they proposing to proceed? Mr. Perks, with whom Mr. Horne, as we have noted, leaves off, told us in a letter published during the recent political contest in the Chertsey division of Surrey. As Home Rule would probably lead to a university designed to foster the private but general judgment in Ireland that the Catholic version of Christianity is correct, the Nonconformists of England will permanently wreck the Liberal Party, which, after all, does not belong to them exclusively, unless it proclaims definite separation from the Nationalist minority in the United Kingdom. After this, who shall say that Nonconformity does not stand for liberty of private judgment and equality in civil right? We are not arguing in politics: we are merely, as in duty bound, thinking about Mr. Horne's exultant proposition: and the query to which it has led calls us to a halt, dismayed.

Is the North Pole Accessible?

ON "THE POLAR STAR" IN THE ARCTIC SEA. By the Duke of the Abruzzi. With Statements by Commander U. Cagni and Dr. A. Cavalli Molinelli. Translated by William Le Queux. Two vols. (Hutchinson. 42s. net.)

It is now three centuries since the earliest systematic invasion of the North Pole; and the pole is still inviolate. The experiences of the intrepid explorers have been all broadly uniform, and one can in a measure share the not uncommon feeling that accounts of them are tedious. To many of us, however, this is an encyclopaedic age, an age in which knowledge of every subject of world-wide interest is eagerly sought; and thus the narrative of the most recent adventure to the extreme, that of Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi, will probably be justified by being widely circulated and diligently read. On the whole it is a good narrative. As rendered into English it has not much literary grace; but it has abundant scientific exactitude, and so serves its serious purpose well. Whosoever would know about the equipment necessary for a new enterprise towards the Pole, what it would cost, and what are the chances of success on the familiar plan, will be thoroughly informed by the Duke's handsome tomes. At the same time, the enquirer will be disposed to think that the prospects of a voyage on

the old plan are not very encouraging. The progress of "The Polar Star," a seasoned craft manned by Norwegians and Italians, was arrested at Teplitz Bay, in 81° 47' N. latitude, where, the crust of ice having made her spring a leak, she had to be abandoned for the winter. Her officers and the crew, together with all the provisions which she carried, were transferred to a large hut built upon the shore from spars, and sails, and tents. Ere long, two fingers of the Duke's right hand were frost-bitten, and bits of them had to be cut off. Hereupon the command of the expedition, which thenceforth was to be by means of sledges, was bestowed upon Captain Cagni. The Duke and a few others staying where they were, the party with the sledges pressed forward. Ultimately they arrived at 86° 34' N. latitude, and in so doing surpassed all previous pilgrimages. On the return of Captain Cagni and his companions "The Polar Star," considerably damaged, was recovered from the ice; the provisions and the crew were restored to her amid general rejoicing; and the expedition returned to the South. It had lost two men and gained one glory for Italy.

The glory? One must not presume to describe it in Anglo-Saxon. It must be recited in the very words of the Captain. At a certain stage of the expedition, the stage at which all earlier rivals had been outclassed, he and his chief officer found themselves in an emotional mood. They had not exchanged a word for hours; but warmly they clasped each other's hand. Cagni meant to say that he considered Petigax a friend indeed, but does not know how he contrived to express himself. Petigax sought to say that he had only done his duty, and tears shone in his eyes:—

"The flag," I said to him, and we left the tent without further thought of the cooking-stove. We searched hastily in the *kayak* for our little flag, tied it to a bamboo pole, and I waved it to the cry of "Long live Italy! Long live the King! Long live the Duke of the Abruzzi!" And to each of my cries the others answered with a shout which expressed all the exultation of their souls. Resound on, sacred words; resound throughout these regions of pure and eternal ice, this sparkling gem! For never shall a conquest won by the sword, nor by the favours of fortune, adorn the crown of the House of Savoy with one of greater lustre!

Lest anyone should think these words excessively tall, we make haste to mention that the gallant Captain was in love. Did not he himself tell us so when he left the amputated Duke helpless in Teplitz Bay? It is to the benefit of the book that Captain Cagni was always thinking of the girl he left behind him. It is only in his contribution to the narrative that we ever come upon a patch of colour. All the rest is white, chilling, desolate. To quote the legend under one of the under pictures of lonely heroes labouring against the snow and ice, "it is downright maddening."

In fact, whilst doing our utmost to feel stimulated by this book, we cannot wholly suppress a surmise that the Duke of the Abruzzi and every other enthusiast about the North Pole is in kinship with a weird gentleman of our acquaintance. When well up in years, though strong and quite able to work, he wandered gravely about the outskirts of his native village murmuring about a great book he was going to write on *The Light of Other Days*. The Duke of the Abruzzi is wrapped in a similar assurance. "If only the moral advantage to be derived from these expeditions be considered, I believe," he says, "that it would suffice to compensate for the sacrifices they demand." *The Light of Other Days*; Moral Advantage: Is it possible that, like our wandering philosopher whose great work never got beyond the title, the Duke, sharing in his own way an incapacity common to many another man who never suspects the malady, is the victim of One Idea, boundlessly glorious to himself, and to mankind at large—a figment? The physician of "The Polar Star" has no

suspicions of that kind. Perhaps that is because lack of perception is contagious, and many of us are the victims of phrases. At any rate, Dr. Molinelli is in no doubt as to the general results of the expedition:—

Intellectually and morally [he writes] the continued struggle rendered us more energetic and self-reliant, more calm, tranquil, and steady in the presence of danger, cool when judging a difficulty, and prudent, resolute and firm when overcoming it. The mental strain had truly the effect of intellectual gymnastics, which rendered the perception, the analysis, and the synthesis of things and events more easy and rapid, and the decision more prompt and certain. Our personal temperaments came forth from it more gentle, less exacting, more tolerant.

This sounds sincere and persuasive; but it must be remembered that it is from defeat, not from victory, that the moral is drawn. What the pæan would have been had our Italians actually reached the North Pole we hesitate to imagine. One thing certain is that there would have been less talk of the softening effect which adventurous travel has on character. We shall see when there has been an expedition wholly successful. That, we think, will be when some explorer sets sail with a motor sledge as part of his equipment.

Munchausen and Jones.

MR. MUNCHAUSEN. By John Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated by Peter Newell. (Richards. 5s.)

J. O. JONES. By R. S. Warren Bell. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. (Black. 3s. 6d.)

THERE is naught but a laughing connexion between "Mr." (why not Baron?) Munchausen and Mr. Jones, but it may serve for a sermonette on humour, of which the simple text shall be that one of these books is fundamentally wrong and the other not quite right.

The reason why "Mr. Munchausen" is fundamentally wrong is simply because the type he stands for is no longer dramatically real. Everybody is almost too afraid of being thought conceited. Good Form even discourages Uniform. Hence the tall story must dress itself anew in fresh living humanities, if its height is not to impede its circulation. Good Form is irritated by a joke about Bathsheba and David's sling; she is bored by a cheese "considerably larger than the continent of all Europe," and she more or less forgives Mr. Raspe—"the onlie beggetter" of the Baron, and himself a wit of genius—by ignoring him. Mr. Bangs, however, might almost be Mr. Raspe's contemporary in regard to his humorous education. In justification one has only to say that "Mr. Ananias" reports the "interviews" in Mr. Bangs' volume for the "Gehenna Gazette." Perhaps in the whole history of humour there is nothing more baffling to the understanding than its appropriation of one of the most tragic and significant incidents of the New Testament. Ananias and Sapphira are not champion liars, they are the greasy sham philanthropists of every civilisation. Their horrible fate accuses their Maker of partiality. They are not crude or odd, they are children of decorum, and they convict Mr. Bangs of a breach of it. So too does Benedict Arnold whom Mr. Bangs (Ch. VI.) announces as a bicycle rider across the Styx.

Our remarks must not imply that "Mr. Munchausen" is, superficially speaking, out of date. Quite otherwise, since he has anticipated Sarah Grand in consigning the heavenly twins to Gehenna, where the lively youngsters extract story after story from the great boaster. Droll some of these stories undoubtedly are; there is a triumph of explanation, for instance, in that which recounts how Munchausen escaped sixty-three violent deaths, at one and the same moment. Moreover, disgusting as it should be to find laughter in cannibalism, one confesses it difficult to avoid smiling at the penitent cannibal who lay

"groaning under the weight of a hundred potted plants, which he placed upon himself in memory of Wilkins," of whom he was at once the murderer and the grave. Mr. Bangs owes able support to Mr. Newell, whose coloured drawings admirably realise the frolics of the text.

Mr. Warren Bell's humour frolics after a very different fashion. His pleasant school story merely errs by the overdrawing of the parlour boarder who politely puts spokes into several bad wheels. "Ah! as I feared—damp! Careless chambermaids cause much mortality," he observes to the matron on the very day of his entrance into Adderman's School; and the faculty of turning out any number of suave sentences with a sting in them accompanies him right through the book, whence he emerges alive in spite of his asking for a tin-opener when an irate grocer tells him to "pass over the cackle and get to the 'osses." Mr. Bell "goes one better" than the late Mr. Talbot Baines Reed in "The Master of the Shell," by making his Jones not simply a rather second-rate graduate, but an uncertificated rolling stone. Jones succeeds by sheer grit and kindliness, backed up by a colossal athleticism, for which he finds a medium in football. The motif of the book is the antagonism of a master in holy orders towards this excellent creature, and it is fair to add that all the pedagogues at "Adderman's" are presented humanly, although in two instances with touches of caricature. And so farewell to Messrs. Munchausen and Jones.

A Boom in "Nature" for Schools.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE NATURE-STUDY EXHIBITION AND CONFERENCES. (Blackie. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE publication of the Official Report of the Nature Study Exhibition Association marks, in a sense, the recent introduction and recognition of a new element and feature in English schools and methods of teaching; and the small committee that so successfully organised the exhibition and conferences, held last summer in London, have therefore to be congratulated on the result of their efforts. The volume now issued will no doubt be of service to many as a permanent record of an educational exhibition which was unique, as it was devoted entirely to one element in education, namely, the study of Nature; but those who turn to this report to find therein an answer to the question, What is Nature-study? will, we fear, be disappointed. In fact the answer to such a question seems to have been purposely evaded, for in the introduction we find it alluded to in the following terms: "It will be noted that no attempt was made to define the scope of Nature-study. Definition involves limitation, and to define the scope of such a new and vigorous growth might prove a fetter to future development." Yet the use of the word "study" implies definition, and we fear that, perhaps through diffidence, an excellent opportunity has been lost for constructing a *viâ media*, seeing that so many extreme and contradictory views are held on this question. One Nature-study authority, for example, tells us that "Nature-study is understood to be the work in elementary science taught below the high school—in botany, zoology, physics, chemistry, and geology"; but another recognised authority, equally as important as the first, states that "Nature-study is not the study of a science as of botany, entomology, geology, and the like," and adds, "It is wholly informal and unsystematic, the same as the objects are which one sees," while "it is entirely divorced from definitions and explanations in books." Where such conflicting views are held guidance would have been welcome—at any rate, the expression of a decided opinion would have been of assistance.

About three-fourths of the volume before us is taken up with the papers read at the conferences, and this is

preceded by the report of the judges and by a long and detailed report on the exhibition itself by the executive committee. Each section is interesting in itself, but in the reports of the judges and the executive committee especially there is much to be noted that will benefit future organisers of Nature-study. The judges, however, seem to be chary of expressing any decided opinions, and rest contented with recording "two general impressions," viz., "that a large amount of sound work in 'Nature-study' is now being done in British schools, but that a good deal of energy is being expended along lines which are not likely to yield the best return." The judges in this case all belong, as professors, to a privileged class—"the knowledge class caste," to use Thring's expression—so that one is not surprised to find they are willing to accept unnatural nature, such as the growing of plants in solutions, or various forms of classified knowledge, as Nature-study. After all Nature-study is nothing more than a return to the methods of Gilbert White, methods which, while they have never failed to attract, have unfortunately been sadly neglected by the professional botanist and zoologist, so much so, that the laity or amateurs, as represented by field naturalists, have lost touch with the professional, and fail to appreciate the results which he elaborates in the privacy of his laboratory, surrounded by his multitudinous reagent bottles and his instruments and apparatus for dissection and analysis. Nature-study, as an educational influence or subject, has nothing to do with technicalities as to structure and classification, or with the histology and physiology of any living thing. No one, for instance, has the right to call botany work Nature-study. From the judges' report, however, one fails to learn if they recognise any distinction between the teaching of elementary science and Nature-study, and from the tenour of their report one would surmise that they do not, for it appears they consider the demonstration of "scientific facts" as coming under Nature-study, instead of leaving these, if they are ever to be taught at all, to the specific science subjects usually taught in schools.

Passing next to the report of the executive committee, there is here again noticeable the same anxious non-committal attitude which vitiates all the reports in the volume. Yet, when closely studied, this report is found to be really valuable, because it classifies the exhibits that were shown under the heads to which they properly belong, with the result that we have our attention directed to classes for "Nature-study and Field Work," "Economic Nature Study," "Nature Object Lessons," "Observational Lessons," "Nature Knowledge," "Agriculture," "Horticulture," "Economic Entomology," "Botany," and "Science Teaching." It is obvious when such distinctions are drawn, that the exhibits which are considered, say, under the head of "Observational Lessons," or "Horticulture," or "Botany" are so classified as they were considered out of place under "Nature-study." It is also pleasant to see in this report that the giving of definite lessons in schools on natural phenomena or objects is not regarded as Nature-study, though the great tendency to give these object lessons as such is duly noted. Although this volume lacks the definite guidance which at present is so needed by teachers who are interesting themselves in Nature-study, still we hope it will be carefully read by every responsible teacher.

There can be little doubt that much constructive work has yet to be done before "Nature-study" becomes a "living power" in our schools. We are therefore glad to have this official report as a record of a successful educational exhibition, and, notwithstanding its obvious limitations, as a contribution towards securing Nature-study teaching in our schools, on rational lines and on a permanent basis.

A Turk on Turkey.

THE DIARY OF A TURK. By Halil Halid. (A. & C. Black. 6s.)

THE author of this book was born at Angora in Asia Minor, and his great-grandfather was a holy hermit with a praying-carpet of deerskin, on which he was accustomed (so it was said) to ride every Friday from his home in Asia Minor to Mecca in Arabia. "The responsibility of vouching for the fact lies with the narrator," is an Arab saying, which the writer discreetly adds. Mr. Halil Halid was educated first at a preparatory mixed school, where the teacher kept order with a long pole, accurately proportioned to the size of the room. Thence he passed to Constantinople and a theological seminary or "Mad-rasseh," and then having attended lectures at one of the more modern educational institutions, essayed to be a barrister, but without much success. In a Turkish bath—a real Turkish bath—he gathered that the Sultan's spies were after him as a "young Turk." So he came with a portmanteau and forty pounds to England. He was invited back with a promise of a Government post. He returned, and found that he was expected to be a spy himself. Wherefore, after elaborate preparations, he swung himself once more upon a British ship in the Bosphorus, and here he is, sitting down to criticize Turkey, with a glance at Christian countries. Such a book, from a man who had worn a turban over his shaved head (the shaving made him squeal), and can write good simple English, cannot fail to be interesting.

For we do not understand Mohammedanism, and the author looks at all things from the point of view of a Mohammedan—progressive and furiously opposed to the tyranny of the Yildiz kiosk. To him Christianity, as seen in the Christian quarter of Constantinople, as well as in the Levant, implies drunkenness, prostitution, and the eating of pork, all three of which to the Moslem are horrible; and even a residence in London has not convinced Mr. Halil Halid that pigs, prostitutes, and pewters are not the essential elements of the Christian religion. We have equally false ideas of the harem:—

When an Englishman uses the word harem, he means thereby the numerous wives whom a man in our part of the East is supposed to shut up in his house. He, moreover, believes that every man in the Mohammedan East may marry as many women as he pleases. This idea is not only mistaken, but grotesque. There are thousands of men who would consider themselves fortunate if they could marry even a single woman; while, on the other hand, there are thousands who would be happy to get rid of the single wife they have. Any man who can manage to keep two, not to say more, wives in peace, must be an exceptionally brave person.

To the Englishman who may depend on his own eyes and ears in the choice of a wife the Turkish method has always appeared undesirable. The Turk has to fall in love with a second-hand description of a lady he has never seen, and will not see until he has paid over the stakes. Such a system would cut the ground from under the British novelist. But it makes for Turkish happiness. Slight disappointments may occur when the husband lifts the veil. But, as our author explains, he does not often see other feminine faces, and his notion of beauty is limited by his experience.

This "Young Turk," who turned up at King's Cross nine years ago with a bag and the word "Olympia" as a talisman, who faced the confusion between Kensington and Kennington, and finally found Olympia peopled by others than his countrymen, has written a book which gives the European mind a wrench. There are not many ways open to an educated man under the rule of the Sultan (the head of police in the most important quarter of Constantinople cannot write his own name).

At present there are only two ways in which Turkish subjects can obtain a livelihood. Either they must be content

to pocket their pride and labour as workmen, small tradesmen, ordinary craftsmen, farm labourers, and so forth, or they must somehow get a Government appointment. A man of education must make a Government salary his ambition in life, and must direct all his energies to increasing it.

Mr. Halil Halid has discovered a third way, which consists in leaving Turkey and writing a very interesting book about it.

In Athens.

ANCIENT ATHENS. By E. A. Gardner. (Macmillan.)

THIS scholarly and liberally illustrated volume is upon the lines of the work done by the late Prof. Middleton for the art and archaeology of ancient Rome. The progress of research in and about the Acropolis has been so untiring during the last quarter of a century, and the result arrived at so considerable, as to make a summary in *usum laicorum* eminently desirable. And Prof. Gardner's own connection with the investigation as director of the British School of Athens has been so intimate and prolonged that he was obviously the man to undertake it. It was not altogether an easy task. The process of conjecturally reconstructing the outlines of buildings and circumvallations from fragmentary ruins and equally fragmentary records is always a hazardous one. Nor is the way rendered less obscure in the present instance by the dust of controversy which such topics as the internal management of the Dionysius theatre have raised around them. Through all such debatable matter Prof. Gardner steers his way with ample knowledge and with that scholarly caution which ample knowledge alone begets. His opening chapter deals with the situation and natural features of Athens, its water-supply and the building materials available for its walls and temples. The rest of the book is made up partly of general descriptions of the city and its art at various stages of their development, partly of special studies of the leading points of interest, such as the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Theatre, the Ceramicus, and the Piræus. On the problem of the Theatre, Prof. Gardner, after a very careful review of the evidence, is disposed to refuse his adhesion to the revolutionary view of Prof. Dörpfeld, which denies the existence of a stage during the classical period, and asserts that the proscenium with its columns was used as a background for actors on the level of the orchestra, not as a raised platform for them to stand upon. "The use," he says, "of the raised proscenium or *λογεῖον* as a stage for the actors is established by very clear evidence in the case of the later Greek theatre, and this analogy would lead one to expect some such platform in the Greek theatre of earlier times also." Another point on which one naturally looks with some interest for Prof. Gardner's opinion is that of the application of colour to Greek sculpture. This can best be studied in the series of sixth century statues on the Acropolis, dedicated to Athena, and known as the "Maidens."

The use of colour is restricted within narrow limits. It is, in the first place, applied to the hair, the eyes, and the lips, the pigment used for the hair and lips being red, and the same for the iris of the eye, and usually for the outlines of iris and pupil; but a darker pigment is generally used for the pupil itself, and sometimes for the outline of the iris. It will be seen that this colouring is still partly conventional, certainly not naturalistic in character; but the red colouring on hair and iris is probably intended to represent an actual and admired type. The usual colour of the hair of the Tanagra statuettes is the same, and the red-brown eyes of the Delphi charioteer, itself probably an Attic work, will not easily be forgotten by those who have seen them. On the drapery we find similar principles of decoration. No garment is covered with a complete coat of paint unless only a small portion of it is visible. The main surfaces are always left white, showing the natural texture of the marble, but they have richly coloured borders, and are sprinkled with finely drawn decorations, the colours shown being mostly rich and

dark ones—dark green, which was in some cases originally blue, dark blue, purple, or red. The effect of this colouring, whether on face or garments, is to set off and enhance by contrast the beautiful tint and texture of the marble. Those who have only seen white marble statues without any touches of colour to give definition to the modelling and variety to the tone, can have no notion of the beauty, life, and vigour of which the material is capable.

The white lucency of Attic marble has rooted itself ineradicably in the historic imagination—a most singular example of the iniquity of oblivion.

Other New Books.

VERSES OCCASIONALLY HUMOROUS. By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Matthews. 1s. net.)

MR. LACON WATSON'S verse is neat, and consistently thin. The humour is merely verbal; indeed, to apply the word humour to it at all is hardly accurate. Humour implies much more than the easy trivialities which supply Mr. Lacon Watson's material. However, the little volume makes pleasant and innocuous reading. As the author says in the verses somewhat over-weighted with the title "Apologia pro Arte sua":—

My verses are not much, I grant,
Not mine to cater for the crowd;
But what I sing my maiden aunt
Could read aloud.

That stanza, including the apparent inconsequence of the second line, is fairly representative of Mr. Watson's verse. His favourite subject appears to be the old quarrel between author and reviewer; but at this time of day any shafts hurled at the critic in Mr. Watson's manner are already, surely, as blunt as clothes-props:—

Cease to belabour the thankless muse,
But just turn Critic and write Reviews,

is an echo of echoes. When the author is sentimental we like him less; the sentiment is sound enough, but its expression never approaches distinction. The first stanza of "Doubt" reads thus:—

Dearest, lay down your head,
Rest it upon my shoulder.
What was it, sweet, you said?
"Must our love, too, grow colder;
Will it ever, perhaps, lie dead?"

The two opening lines belong to an impossible class of writing which can by no means be suffered without protest. But in justice to Mr. Watson we must add that we have found nothing else in the book quite so bad.

THE TRAMP'S HANDBOOK. By Harry Roberts. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

EVERYONE has his handbook to-day; and now comes the tramp's. But not the tramp of the back-door and the dusty road, who sleeps under hayricks or in casual wards; rather the bank-clerk with a fortnight before him intent on a holiday on foot. We could spare the opening chapters in praise of walking and vagabondage—their sentiments should be taken for granted; but the rest of the book is good and useful. It is superfluous now and then, as in the passage on pages 80 and 81, containing instructions as to producing fire by rubbing together two pieces of wood—as everyone who has been to "The Admirable Crichton" will agree; but in the main Dr. Roberts talks what the Red Indian calls straight talk, and we prophesy an enormous impulse to camping-out wherever the stimulating little book finds its way into a school—perhaps its best destination. We intend to give it to many boys. Now and then Dr. Roberts does not tell everything; he does not say, for example, that a wax vesta burns better in a high wind if some of the strands

of waxed thread of which it is made are unpicked from the other end with a pin or knife and wound loosely round the head before striking. We doubt, also, whether it is wise to recommend a diet of fungi without coloured pictures by which to identify those which are safe. But the book is as pleasant an invitation to the road as we have had for some time.

A PHILOSOPHER IN PORTUGAL. By Eugène E. Street. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

WHY the author of this volume should describe himself as a philosopher does not appear in the course of the narrative. One experiences an initial irritation at the use of the word, an irritation which increases with almost every page. The philosopher, indeed, becomes a bore, and we are not particularly sorry to part from him when the end comes. Mr. Street, he tells us, hates the globe-trotter; "if he carries off any impression at all upon what is conveniently known as his or her brain," it is compounded of scraps from books, with no leaven of personal observation. It cannot justly be said that Mr. Street has no observation, but such as it is it is of a superficial and uninspiring kind. He does not fail, for instance, to give us descriptions of the casual incidents of travel, incidents which could only be saved from dullness by real observation and real humour. But neither the philosopher's observation nor humour has any grip. When he meets a man who knows no English we hear of "linguistic shortcomings," and the like; the philosopher, indeed, revels in *clichés*.

For the rest the volume contains no new light upon Portugal. Mr. Street travelled about, often away from the beaten track, and he writes of what he saw; but that is not enough to make a book. A man with the right instinct might, never having seen the country, sit at home and write about it more truly and convincingly than Mr. Street. Chronicles of small beer may be all very well, but there is more than one way of chronicling even small beer, and Mr. Street's way is not the right one.

The fifth and sixth volumes of "The Poetical Works of George Barlow" consist of "Loved beyond Words" and "The Pageant of Life" (Glaisher). The first named includes the contents, with some omissions and alterations, of three books published in 1883-4-5; "The Pageant of Life" first appeared in 1888, and has now been considerably abridged. Mr. Barlow's productiveness is rather appalling; he writes with an ease which seriously injures his work. There is no pause for concentration, no search after the right phrase. At the same time it is accomplished verse, with occasional strength of flight.

NEW EDITIONS: We have received from Messrs. Pearson a two shilling reprint of Miss Muloch's "John Halifax, Gentleman," with illustrations by Mr. H. M. Brock. There seems no end to the popularity of this tearful story.—The latest addition to Messrs' Macmillan's "Illustrated Pocket Classics" is Tom Hood's "Humorous Poems." The volume contains the introduction by Canon Ainger included in the 1893 issue.—The fifth edition of Prof. James's "Human Immortality" comes to us from Messrs. Constable. The little book deserves wide recognition.

Fiction.

THE GAP IN THE GARDEN. By Vanda Wathen-Bartlett.

"SUGGESTIVE" is a convenient word, and they who have to pronounce upon "The Gap in the Garden" will certainly have recourse to it. In strict truth it is not a work of art—this medley of moods through which no purpose is perceivable or end in sight. Perhaps it may be regarded

as an allegory. The garden as it was, safely enclosed by trees, a place for tea and gossip and bickering, represents (let us say) material life secure in uninquisitive commonplaceness. Then the garden, after the breaking of its leafy belt, represents life as it is, when there is a breach in the wall of sense and the mind is haunted or pursued by the unseen. However that may be, the heroine, who is responsible for the alteration of the garden, suffers strangely from the pressure of occult forces. She is an orphan, but a man lives who believes that she was the creation of his will working in the mother when their bodies were apart. "There is no such thing as privacy of thought . . . Thoughts are existing things . . . flowing into the minds of men," he declares before the Ninth Wave calls him; and the saying recalls another from the same lips: "Hate is an energy, a separate distinct force."

Hate, in the person of a mad Scotchwoman, destroys the heroine who seems to have been swept away from the safe society of a cross and fidgety aunt, an idle painter, and a hard-headed doctor, out of the rose-garden, through the gap into the mystic moorland and towards the hate that burned for her. The mind which dwells in such a work as this is certainly interesting. It may, however—in spite of a few flashes of merry wit—be called morbid because it has not shaped its imaginings artistically; it has not called forth a beautiful form from its own nightmare.

CORNELIUS. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (6s.)

MRS. DE LA PASTURE has above everything a pleasant manner of writing. There is a vein of geniality, and an element of cheerfulness in her outlook upon life generally, which gives her present novel a refreshing absence of strenuous undercurrents. In "Cornelius," at any rate, she treats the vicissitudes of existence as a philosopher, without an exaggerated emphasis being laid either upon the joys or pains of humanity. "Cornelius" himself, the son of a gentleman on one side and a Somersetshire dairy-maid on the other, is treated with the same tranquil absence of partizanship which characterizes the whole management of the story. The discovery is made that Cornelius is the son of a certain Lord Polart, but just when the exciting development of his inheriting both estate and title seems imminent, the book ends with the discovery that his birth was illegitimate after all, and his mother's story of marriage, and the false signature on her marriage certificate, were merely an outcome of peasant cunning and foresight. True, she had subsequently been married, but to an old village acquaintance, who had signed the name of Cornelius' father under the impression that by so doing he made "an honest woman" of her, and rectified the position of the coming baby of the other man.

The rest of the characters are drawn with care and vivacity. The best are undoubtedly the elderly brother and sister, whose coming into the village has such an immense influence upon the future of Cornelius, until then little more than a superior country yokel with a passion for book learning and gardening. Cornelius himself is the least convincing of them all, but for the large number of readers who want only a fairly light and amusing story we can thoroughly recommend this book.

AN APRIL PRINCESS. By Constance Smedley. (Cassell. 3s.)

PUBLISHED separately, the dialogues that make up the story of "An April Princess" might have passed very well as journalism of the light and frothy kind; but they suffer considerably by being presented in book form. This kind of thing does not make a book; even the dialogues of

which the lady named Dolly was the heroine, scarcely bore the test of being read continuously—and the April Princess is a long way after Dolly. The author, too, has the rather irritating trick of referring to her puppets as the Poet, the Queen, the Prince, and so on, instead of calling them by their real names; and this helps to destroy any human interest they might otherwise have had for us. There is a certain amount of promise in the book, a certain suggestion that the author could do something much better if she were to drop her mannerisms and cease to mistake flippancy for wit. But as it is, her men and women of the fantastic titles are merely tiresome, and occasionally a little ill-bred as well; and the Princess herself is far too superficial to be able to bear the strain of occupying the most prominent place in the book. And she has two particularly annoying characteristics: one is her sentimentality over her women friends, and the other, her habit of referring to her men friends as "pals." The sentimentality, especially in her conversations with the Queen, would not appear at its best in quotation; but here is a specimen of the Princess's dealings with one of the "pals":—

"Don't quarrel," said the Princess pleadingly. "You've always some one new," said the Knight. "The more new people I see, the more it makes me love my old friends," said the Princess. The Knight preserved a sulkily silence. He had heard this several times before. "My cushions have fallen down," said the Princess. The Knight picked up a cushion: the Princess's hand was somehow in his. The hint of a smile hovered round the corner of the Knight's exceedingly well-shaped mouth. . . . "I'm so glad to see you!" said the Princess, and the Knight's blue eyes began to laugh. . . . "Let's be pals!" said the Princess. The Princess's hand was still in the Knight's. . . . "Do be pals!" said the Princess. So the Knight and the Princess made friends.

THE ETERNAL WOMAN. By Dorothea Gerard. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE bright, readable, blameless novel still holds its own in spite of the abolition of its three volumes; and "Dorothea Gerard's" latest story, in everything but its form, carries us back to those earlier works of hers in which one-third was beginning and one-third was end, while the remainder was padding. It is true that the padding is now left out; but we must confess, for all that, to feeling a little disappointed in "The Eternal Woman." We had expected more from the author after reading her last book, "Holy Matrimony," which certainly was an advance on anything she had done previously; and it is saddening to find that, after all, she has turned again to the public that wants only pretty things. It will get what it wants in this book. The story is that of a girl of twenty, neither pretty nor plain, but extraordinarily attractive, who finds herself penniless through the death of her patroness, and has to face the necessity of earning a livelihood. A strong-minded friend offers her a year's training at the University with a choice of becoming either a lawyer or a doctor at the end of it; but Clara goes home, tumbles upon "Vanity Fair," and resolves instead to start upon a career of earning her living by her wits rather than by her brains. She determines, in fact, to become a harmless kind of Becky Sharp. Somehow, the experiment does not work very well; she is neither good enough nor bad enough for the part, and she ends in falling desperately in love with the man she has tried, quite in an innocent sort of way, to entrap into marriage. Of course, everything comes right in the end; in this kind of book the wedding bells tinkle pleasantly from the first page to the last—but there is no reason why it should not have done so without being quite so sugary. We feel all the more strongly about it because the writer is so capable of doing better work, as even this book shows now and then.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

TYPHOON.

By JOSEPH CONRAD.

Four characteristic stories. Mr. Conrad has brought all his descriptive power and intimate knowledge of the sea to the account of a typhoon in Chinese waters. "Amy Foster" is the story of an emigrant from the Carpathians who was shipwrecked on the English coast. "Falk" is called a reminiscence. Here is a sentence: "'Imagine to yourselves,' he said in his ordinary voice, 'that I have eaten a man.'" The volume is dedicated to Mr. Cunningham-Graham, and has a quotation from Keats on the title page.

REPROBATE SILVER.

By ROY DEVEREUX.

"Being the Later History of the House of Orpington." Upon the title-page stand these words: "Reprobate silver shall men call them, for the Lord hath rejected them." The story deals with the decline of a family, and touches with distinction many phases of character. "There was nothing left for him to learn concerning the end of the House of Orpington, save only the essential thing—the inward significance thereof. Were they really all blotted out—not only from this intermediate plane of consciousness, but from the Book of Universal Life?" A thoughtful and well-written book. (Richards. 6s.)

CAPTAIN KETTLE, K.C.B.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

On the cover we find the little Captain, with the cigar and the red torpedo beard, as of old—but, alas! with a wooden leg. It appears that in the course of his recent adventures he fell into the hands of a malignant Moor, who endeavoured to pervert his faith. Captain Kettle declined to become a Mahomedan, and paid for his obstinacy with the loss of a limb. His last adventures are of such a character that he has been proclaimed a great Empire builder and created a K.C.B. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE GOLD WOLF.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

An elaborate romance of modern life. The central figure is a millionaire who comes under the suspicion of having murdered his wife at their house in Park Lane. There is a typical happy-go-lucky Irishman who follows us through the story, and part of the action takes place at Cambridge, where the May races are described with all the gusto of one who remembers what time he was taught to "get his hands away." There are many illustrations. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE CONFLICT.

By M. E. BRADDON.

The hero of Miss Braddon's sixty-fourth novel is the youngest son of a peer, described by his elder brother, the heir, as a man who had neither vices nor virtues. "He was an odd volume of the Aldine poets in a frock coat." The first part of the story is occupied with his Quixotic attempt to rescue his landlady's daughter from a man whom he ultimately kills in a duel. Then the scene moves to Klondyke. There is an abundance of incident and a frequent suggestion of supernatural causes. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

CROWBOROUGH BEACON.

By HORACE E. HUTCHINSON.

A leisurely historical romance of a hundred years ago. It opens at Tunbridge Wells. The "bucks and fine ladies" of the period gather round the newly arrived mail to hear the latest news of town and of the French War. There is a dispute, a duel, and thus the story is set going. The action passes in Sussex, and is of a quieter sort than is common in historical romances. Mr. Hutchinson quotes his authorities in frequent and somewhat voluminous notes. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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Saved from Oblivion.

IN the history of the world the title to remembrance comes by way of infamy as well as by way of accomplished good; the poisoner lives side by side with the man whose happy toil it was to ease suffering and nurse the waning flame; the singer of nature's mysteries touches hands with the destroyer of man's temples. The inexorable law of nature is that only those who do shall be remembered; there is no compounding with posterity for the continuance even of a name. And how many men achieve the little which shall entitle them to the briefest record? Reckoned in terms of centuries, they are but as the odd grains of gold left in an outworked vein. The Index and Epitome to the Dictionary of National Biography contains 30,378 names, and the whole work was designed "to supply . . . biographies of all noteworthy inhabitants of the British Islands and the Colonies (exclusive of living persons) from the earliest historical period to the date of Queen Victoria's death on 22 January, 1901." That thirty thousand odd seems a number incredibly small; in an optimistic mood we might suppose that our own time would supply future recorders with a sixth of that total. But time winnows with his ceaseless and callous fans, and we who think ourselves to be something, may even be as they who are nothing.

This index and epitome is in its way more impressive than the sixty-six volumes which it represents; certainly it is more suggestive. It strikes us as a kind of roll of the rescued from oblivion, a summary of the elect, both of the mire and the sky. At all points it touches life, and also that mysterious force which we call destiny. There grows upon the imagination a sort of terror in the contemplation of so much great achievement, so much intolerable degradation. And there comes also the thought that amongst the unrecorded were those whose claims were ignored by the mere accident of chance. There recurs to us that noble and moving passage in the "Hydriotaphia" of Sir Thomas Browne:—

To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. . . . In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations. . . . Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. . . . The number of the dead far exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox?

The right to remembrance, indeed, cannot definitely be claimed save by those who have themselves set down the record of their lives—and such claims are as likely as not to be unavailing. Only with the written or printed word

came any certainty of posthumous fame; scores of names live in literature, which else had been forgotten by an unseeing or misunderstanding world. Dante preserved Beatrice as an immortal type, and Shelley, in "The Cenci," vitalized the history of an almost forgotten tragedy. Knowledge of greatness in any kind is practically subject to the mechanical processes of the printing-press. And that mechanical process is employed with hardly any possibility of selection; we have created the means, but the means can no longer be controlled. True literature must always remain selective, but true literature is far removed from the clamour of countless tongues. At the same time literature, by reason of its very exclusiveness, could not be trusted to record everything of actual moment in the progress or decline of the world. In the sum of things it stands for beauty and sanity and understanding; but the earth spins to more stupendous ends than may find expression in any or all of the arts.

Those stupendous ends are illustrated in such a succinct and valuable epitome as this. They who have searched the heavens and they who have explored the deeps have their few simple lines. Romance, tragedy, comedy, the inextricable puzzle of life, are entangled in this web of pages. To turn them over is to be convinced of one's individual ignorance; it is like going to school to Time. How many people off-hand could name a score, or half-a-score, of the great Smith family who have left any mark upon their generation? Here we find one hundred and eighty-two of them, lawyers, soldiers, churchmen, bookmen, artists, antiquaries, engineers—all phases of life and work represented in a single surname. An isolated name, again, may touch the springs of terror and romance. One Sexby only finds a place in the volume—that Edward Sexby who entered Cromwell's regiment of Horse in 1643, became Governor of Portland six years later, fought at the Siege of Tantallon Castle, was deprived of his commission, and afterwards negotiated with the governor of the Spanish Netherlands and Don John of Austria for an invasion of England and the assassination of Cromwell. Then followed his arrest and the publication of his "Killing no Murder." But that apology for tyrannicide was of no avail against the inexorable tyranny of death, which found him in that familiar home of silence and crushed hopes, the Tower of London. In so brief an outline glows the inner fire of a thousand lives—ambition, revolt, desolation, and over all the brooding shadow and the encroaching doom.

Certain entries bring together in violent contrast the extremes of personality and of action. On the same page we have the names of Sir Thomas Browne and Elizabeth Brownrigg—the one a great physician, a supreme writer, a servant of God and an enemy of witches; the other a murderess whose name stands for the worst and the most brutal in the sordid calendars of crime. Here is subject enough for endless moralities; they start from the page. Yet with moralities the records of fact have nothing to do; they merely, as it were, mark the boundaries of the country, and in their very explicitness suggest the narrowness of human destiny. We move, indeed, hardly knowing where we move; our day is but a twilight; we were, and are not, and still the individual takes himself for something, and labours and sins and builds his house of dreams in the face of an inscrutable purpose and an uncomprehended eternity. And in that lies the glory of the game; only so can the soul come to any understanding of itself, only so can we win with decency to the strait haven of quietness which somewhere awaits us all.

It is impossible, it would seem, in considering such a volume as this in its wider aspects, to avoid moralities. Take it in what way you will and they force themselves upon the mind. The philosophy of history means something after all, though it can never be tied down to a formula or made convincing in an epigram. These fifteen

hundred pages, as we have said, touch life at every point, and so touching it they bewilder as much as they illumine. But one is rather inclined, it must be confessed, to search out the problems and to let the simple statements pass; the complex personality allures us more than the frankly single-minded. This is a concession to the spirit of mystery which is in all of us, as well as an uncertain striving after some explanation of ourselves. A man is always more of a mystery to himself than to his fellows, except he be a man of vigorous and splendid action. Drake, we may suppose, never troubled much about problems of the soul when he was sailing the seas for the building up of England; he was merely a man rejoicing in his strength and in the chances of the game. And it was so, happily, with many, perhaps the larger number, of our greatest, and is so still. In a little turmoil we forget the much peace; the beatific silences often go unrecorded. So at the last we fall back upon the thought that these crowded names represent in the main the work of centuries accomplished quietly and without fear. And there always remain the unrecorded, the men and women of their time who went about the day's work gladly and lay down to rest with the assured benediction of toil. These had no desire for greatness, no yearning that their faith could not satisfy, no passions in revolt against the established order. Perhaps they missed something of the extreme beauty of life, but they never fell into the darkness which is beauty's shadow. They had no wish either to hire or cheat oblivion; oblivion to them was a word of little meaning. They lived, and loved, and passed.

We can conclude upon no more satisfying thought. Splendours, degradations, conquests, defeats, pass over the world, but the individual, quietly labouring, remains. He may be ignored by art and letters, yet to him art and letters must turn in the last appeal. He represents continuance, stability, and the steady flow of life. That he goes unrecorded is perhaps his chief proof of happiness.

The Wisdom of the Ages.

THE Wisdom of the Ages! It is curiously stationary. Below the smaller comforts and discomforts of the daily life are always the things of the spirit, which are not concerned with the doings of the chemist and the engineer. And to the man who cares for anything beyond his dinner and his banker's pass-book, those who have written of the things of the spirit make an appeal which no lapse of time can weaken. The most important questions, the questions which any man asks who seriously endeavours to put himself in right relation with his surroundings, have always been answered—in various ways—since man emerged from his cave-dwelling and sat down in the sunlight to think. To take one or two only from the list of those who in one way or another have tried to formulate the rules for the art of living, which is the art of arts: Job, Hesiod, Buddha, Socrates, Omar Khayyam, Mohamed, Confucius—whichever one chooses will come with an absolutely direct and contemporaneous appeal, an appeal as potent as that of, say, the writer of the leader in this morning's "Times." For the problem is always the same, always insistent, and these are but one or two answers to the first difficulty. Possibly they are all wrong. But there is one curious thing about the answers that have been given by the men of old, by inspiration, or guessing, which you will. They have made splendid generalisations which we of a later age have reached and verified only by laborious research into particulars.

To the ordinary Englishman the Taoist religion is unfamiliar. Buddhism has had many European exponents,

and Confucianism, the third of the Chinese religious systems, is known at least superficially. But Láo Tsze, who founded the philosophy of the common people of China, is scarcely known by name to most educated Englishmen, and the metrical rendering of the Táo Teh King which Dr. I. W. Heysinger has made, and the Research Publishing Company of Philadelphia have issued under the title "The Light of China," will repay inspection, if only to assure the reader that the human mind is at base the same from China to Peru. Láo Tsze was by fifty-four years the senior of Confucius. He was born in the year B.C. 604 and lived for about a century. He was then uttering words of wisdom, which still guide millions of his countrymen, while the Seven Wise Men of Greece were building their maxims on observations of life and the Hebrew prophets were thundering their warnings to a perverse generation. The Taoism of to-day, as Dr. Heysinger explains, is overlaid and misinterpreted by theology, fancy and later commentary; but the Táo Teh, the only work left by its writer, at once became one of the Chinese "king," or classics. When about a hundred years old Láo Tsze "disappeared" into the north-west of China. Here at the outset is the human mind at its ancient work of attributing not only strange birth but abnormal death to its Buddhas, its Elijahs and its Messiahs.

But turning to the translation of the Táo Teh you will be struck by the curious familiarity of the ideas, thus:—

The sage lays up no treasure,
No hoard of goods or gold,
For they who keep a storehouse deep
A constant watch must hold.

The more he works for others
The more he works for his own,
For it grows by use, is lost by abuse,
And he gathers by what he has sown.

The more he gives away,
The more does he have himself.

There is not a line there that could not be paralleled again and again in Western thought or capped by Biblical quotation, and here perhaps is an instance yet more striking:—

He who knows others is wise,
But he who knows himself is wiser still;
He who conquers others is strong,
But to conquer self needs greater strength and skill;
He who is satisfied is rich,
He who is firm in action has a will;
He who loses not his place lives long,
But the man who dies and does not perish, he lives longer still!

"He who knows himself." "E cælo descendit σοφία." And at the same moment a wise man in China and another wise man in Greece were proclaiming the same principle. One might, if space permitted, collect dozens of similar instances of the identical working of the human mind at opposite ends of the world, as though synchronised by some standard clock at some celestial Greenwich, and one might work out a theory, without even a touch of paradox, that all the great teachers who have touched mankind have preached over and over again the same truths; only they have rarely been listened to, still more rarely understood.

Here and there, in turning over the maxims of Láo Tsze, one comes across phrases that suggest his prophetic insight, as by a flash of inspiration, into the scientific discoveries of a later age and alien clime. Goethe, you will remember, as well as Lucretius, saw dimly but splendidly in splashes of colour what Darwin built up by laborious mosaics. And here is a phrase from Láo Tsze:—

Weight is the root of lightness, stillness the master of motion.

Another, too:—

There is nothing weaker than water,
Or easier to efface;
But for attacking the hard and strong
Nothing can take its place.

Is it too curious to suspect here an anticipation of Sir Isaac Newton or a dim foreseeing of the hydraulic lift? Possibly. But imagination plays a huge part in scientific discovery.

While we are grateful to Dr. Heysinger for his rendering of this Chinese classic, we are not sure that he was right in casting it into metrical form. His excuse is that the original is rhythmic. But this is a case in which we seek for accuracy, and the necessities of rhyme and metre do not make for the accuracy desired. Even with Omar Khayyam we wish to check Fitzgerald by a literal rendering, and Dr. Heysinger is not a Fitzgerald. This is another reason for regretting the metric form of this work. Nor need we give any further proof than the selections we have quoted.

Indiscretions.

THERE are some few great Englishmen who, though dead, are personally dear to us. They have passed through our intellect to our emotions, and we go to the sale-room where the pen or the sword is put up for auction and bid against each other for the honour of possession. Even their indiscretions endear them the more. The list is easily made up. Shakespeare stands at the head of it, and Dr. Johnson holds a high place. And running chronologically down the list we find curious inconsistencies. In genius and in national service Nelson and Wellington stand fairly level. But as a personality, how much nearer the national heart the naval hero stands than the victor of Waterloo? Dickens and Thackeray are the two great names in mid-Victorian fiction. Yet here again the difference is seen. Dickens, though there are still hundreds of men of middle age who have set eyes upon him, has already become a cult. He is the centre of a Fellowship, the smallest thing that reminds of him is treasured, and to many the route travelled by Mr. Pickwick passes through a Holy Land. This enthronement of the dead in the common heart is a mysterious process. Darwin was the contemporary of Dickens, and Darwin did infinitely more to influence human thought than all the Victorian novelists together. But put up to auction the chair in which Dickens wrote "Pickwick," and the whole furniture of the room in which the "Origin of Species" was completed, and the chair would fetch the higher price.

That is why there is some excuse for Mr. F. G. Kitton's collection of the "Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens" (Chapman and Hall). Dickens was not one of the prose writers who, like Stevenson and Kipling, choose to express themselves alternatively in verse. He never made the slightest claim to be a poet. He wrote verses as lesser men write them in stray moments of emotion, he wrote them for the newspapers to jingle a needed reform into the public ear, and he wrote them out of pure exuberance and used them as "fill-ups" in "Pickwick." Mr. Kitton has gathered specimens of all these, though the most famous he has omitted—Mrs. Leo Hunter's "Expiring Frog." That, however, is but a fragment. From "The Village Coquettes" we have several long-forgotten lyrics. We should perhaps explain what "The Village Coquettes" was. John Hullah had some music which he had made for a libretto that went wrong. So he appealed to one "Boz," who was writing certain "Sketches" in 1834, for a new libretto. Dickens accepted the commission, and the operetta ran for nineteen nights in London. Nine years later Dickens was unwilling that it should be revived. "I did it," he explained, "in a fit of damnable good-

nature long ago, for Hullah, who wrote some very pretty music to it. I just put down for everybody what everybody at the St. James's Theatre wanted to say and do, and I have been most sincerely repentant ever since." And a year before his death Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson asked him if he had a copy of that play. "No," said Dickens, "and if I knew it was in my house, and if I could not get rid of it in any other way, I would burn the wing of the house where it was." Now here is surely involved a question of literary ethics. How shall the worshipper of Dickens show most respect to the object of his devotion? By respecting his wishes, or by dragging out and bowing down before his very indiscretions? And is the Rhadamanthus of criticism bound by statute to give the verdict "*Littera scripta manet*"? We will quote a stanza from Rose's Song in "The Village Coquettes":—

Old maiden aunts so hate the men,
So well know how wives are harried,
It makes them sad—not jealous—when
They see their poor dear nieces married.
All men are fair and false, they know,
And with deep sighs they assail 'em,
It's so long since they tried men, though,
I rather think their mem'ries fail 'em.

That was the sort of thing that some actress at the St. James's Theatre "wanted to say and do." And there will be many admirers of Dickens who will prefer his judgment to that of Mr. Kitton.

Everyone, we suppose, remembers "The Ivy Green" from the sixth chapter of *Pickwick*, which is the high-water mark of Dickens' verse. It was set to music by Henry Russell, who received ten shillings for a song that sold by tens of thousands. But the occasional verses in the Press are less remembered. To the "Examiner" in 1841 Dickens contributed a parody of "The Fine Old English Gentleman." Here is a stanza:—

The good old laws were garnished well with gibbets, whips,
and chains,
With fine old English penalties, and fine old English pains,
With rebel heads, and seas of blood once hot in rebel veins;
For all these things were requisite to guard the rich old gains
Of the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

Of quite another character is the set of verses—signed with his own name—which Dickens published in the newly founded "Daily News," a few weeks after relinquishing the editorship. The "Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourers" caught the public ear at the moment when the corn laws were starving the peasant. We give the concluding stanza:—

Oh God, remind them! In the bread
They break upon the knee,
These sacred words may yet be read,
"In Memory of Me!"
Oh God, remind them of His sweet
Compassion for the poor,
And how He gave them Bread to eat,
And went from door to door!

Here perhaps we may find a suggestion of the cause of Charles Dickens's personal hold on following generations—his intense sympathy with all who suffered, or were oppressed. So even indiscretions may be pardoned, and become a *redintegratio amoris*.

Impressions.

XXIX.—Faith.

I ENTERED the wood walking hurriedly, as it was near sunset, and the village where I proposed to sleep was a long mile on the other side. Halfway through the wood I came upon a clearing, perhaps half a mile square, and in the middle of this reclaimed space, the smoke of the chimneys going up to the quiet sky, stood the woodcutters' cottages. They were surrounded by a hedge: all about

were stacks of wood, and under a roof of withered branches were chairs, some finished, some still in the making. The day's work was over, the men sat in the porches of their cottages; but one was digging in his garden. Him I knew: had known aforetime very well. "What, you?" I cried. He smiled, and came towards me.

"Yes; this is my second year here with nature," he said, presently. "I cut wood, design chairs, dig, and paint. Read? No. I've done with books for the present. A new view of education came to me, and I am now putting it to the test. May I say that wisdom, not knowledge, is my goal? I am quite content, for the present, to let the world go by, while I reflect, dig, design chairs, and paint."

"You still paint, then?"

"Yes, but not in the old way. I paint dreams, not actualities. You see out here my eyes are always absorbing beautiful effects—the flight and poise of birds, the bark of beech trees against the sky, the shimmer of grasses bending before the wind, the folds of great uplands, all the changes of nature in sun and shadow. This morning, for instance, I was awakened by a thrush singing in that tree. I threw open the window and leaned out. The world was very new, very grey, very potential, very silent. I shall paint that thrush singing in a still world."

"How can you paint a thrush's song?"

"It is difficult to explain; but you see all my pictures have an intention, an ordained background in which is set a certain young figure. When I paint a little work called 'The Lamb Bleats for Her,' or 'The Poet Speaks for Her,' or 'The Nightingale Sings for Her,' or 'The Shepherd Hears for Her,' each of the pictures expresses her awakening joy in the beauty of the world, her cries of gratitude to God. That's my mission now. The morning stars, you know, shouted for joy: my pictures are a small tribute, but they are the best I can offer. For the service of man, there are the chairs. I design them. It may be I am useful to these woodcutters."

"Then your pictures have a meaning for those who are able to understand?"

His eyes looked a deep affirmative. "You know those wonderful old pictures in German galleries by nameless painters who are known as 'The Master of the Life of Mary,' 'The Master of the Death of Mary,' and so on. Well, scenes from her bright and happy youth are the foundation of all my pictures, not interiors, but in the open air, set in this beautiful country, and in each picture she discovers for the first time some new loveliness in the world—lambs, sunsets, morning skies, spring blossoms, the songs of birds, the young green of trees, the Gothic aisles of woods, purple hills, the sunlight dappling the turf in orchards. I have proof, indubitable proof that these little tributes of mine are acceptable."

"How so?"

"I sell these pictures to a dealer in London for five pounds each. We have a contract. He takes all I paint. That is my entire income, small but regular. Last week I sold two for which he gave me a ten-pound note. Coming home I had not time to take a ticket. It was a corridor train. I was standing in the passage by an open window when the guard asked me for my ticket. I handed him the note. A gust of wind snatched it from my hand, and whirled it away. I was in despair, without a farthing in the world; I could not earn more for months, for I am a slow worker. The passengers sympathised, talked about stopping the train, and such nonsense. Then the door leading from the first-class compartment opened, and a girl, slight and beautiful, wearing a white veil, came towards us, paused, and placed in my hand a ten-pound note. I was too dumbfounded to thank her. She disappeared. Later I searched for her to explain and apologise for my boorishness. Of course, I could not find her!"

"Why not?"

"Don't you understand? She was Our Lady."

Drama.

Miss Terry's Experiment.

ONE cannot help feeling a little sentimental over the opening of Miss Ellen Terry's season at the Imperial Theatre. That an actress of delightful genius, who has already charmed more than one generation of playgoers with her immortal youth, should now be identifying herself with some of the strongest forces which make for the renaissance of the drama in the immediate future, with Ibsen, the reformer of dramatic psychology, and with Gordon Craig, the reformer of scenic art, is at least as encouraging as it is unexpected. In "The Vikings," Mr. Craig, in particular, has an admirable opportunity of essaying whether the principles of stage lighting and stage decoration, which have already commended themselves to a small knot of curious persons, will bear the very different test of production before a general and imperfectly discriminating public. I see no reason for dissatisfaction with the success of the experiment. Doubtless Mr. Craig has made certain concessions to the existing stage conventions, and has avoided anything which might reasonably be regarded as eccentricity. But he keeps his distinctive note; and, whatever else may be thought of the play, it at least lingers in the memory as a succession of well composed and richly coloured pictures, which one was able to absorb without the perpetual irritation caused by the imperfect feeling for illusion ineradicable from the minds of the ordinary scene painter and the ordinary stage carpenter. The most effective scene was, perhaps, that of the banquet with its setting of simply draped and splendidly hued curtains: and the most interesting that by morning in Gunnar's house; because here Mr. Craig is grappling with the problem of daylight, which I suggested in a previous paper as one likely to tax his system of top-lighting. On the whole I think the system came well enough out of the ordeal. Neither a stage lit from the top nor one lit from the foot can ever be more than a far-off and symbolic representation of actual daylight. Whichever convention is adopted, one has to subdue one's imagination to it. And Mr. Craig does succeed in so manipulating his lighting as to produce a relative effect of luminosity in his day scenes in comparison with his night scenes, which perhaps is all that could reasonably be expected.

The Viking business, with its gleaming armour and its semi-barbaric raiment, affords excellent material for Mr. Craig's really fine sense of the effective in costume to work upon. Apart from this I must own to some disappointment with the play, as a play. Of course, one did not expect typical Ibsen. "The Vikings at Helgeland" belongs to the period when the playwright had not yet felt his way to what ultimately became his true and characteristic method of expression, and was still touched by his younger enthusiasm for the blue rose of romance. But, even as romance, I fail to find it very effective or striking. The theme is an adaptation, in a pseudo-historical setting and with the mythical element left out, of that of the "Völsungasaga." This is, or should be, familiar to English readers in the magnificent verse of Morris's "Story of Sigurd the Volsung." Sigurd the Volsung is the brother in arms of Gunnar the Niblung, and has wedded his sister Gudrun. Gunnar is to ride the Flickering Flame and win the hand of Brynhild. But he fails in the task, and it is by Sigurd, magically vested in Gunnar's semblance, that it is accomplished. And the deed was the spring of woes:—

A flame of bitter trouble, and the death of many a man,
And the quenching of the kindreds, and the blood of the
broken troth,
And the Grievous need of the Niblungs and the Sorrow of
Odin the Goth.

Brynhild is married to Gunnar whom she believes to have achieved her. But Sigurd has revealed the secret to Gudrun, and Gudrun, in a moment of anger, reveals it to Brynhild. And Brynhild, deeming herself wronged, moves the Niblungs to slay Sigurd, and he is slain. And many years after Gudrun in her turn takes vengeance, and the Niblungs are treacherously slain in the hall of Atli. So the great simple tragic story wears to its end in fire and blood.

Ibsen's plot repeats pretty closely the main outlines of the situation in the saga. Sigurd and Gunnar keep their names, although, as I said, they become pseudo-historic Vikings instead of mythical heroes. Brynhild becomes Hiördis, and Gudrun Dagny. The supernatural element goes out of the story, and the achievement of the Flickering Flame gives place to the conquest of a mighty bear, which guards the entrance to the maiden bower of Hiördis, and is slain by Sigurd, who then, passing as Gunnar in the darkness, wins the lady. In many respects the play seems to me inferior to its original. In the first place it is less simple. The central theme is complicated by a second, of which the elements are drawn from other sagas, dealing with another Viking, Ornulf of the Fiords, and the woes of his house. And secondly, the events of the plot are very much better adapted to narrative than to dramatic treatment. There is a lapse of time between the deed and its requital, and a lapse of time cannot be satisfactorily represented on the stage. The action is of violence and blood, and violence and blood again are not plausible in drama. The great passages of the saga, at any rate in Morris's version, are the description of the ride through the Flickering Flame and its sequel, and the description of the death of Sigurd in the house of the Niblungs. The battle with the bear, which corresponds to the first of these, does not come into the play at all. The action begins five years later, and the preceding events are only known to the audience by the frequent and not very skilfully-introduced accounts of them given in the course of the dialogue. The second episode is deliberately altered by Ibsen. Hiördis loves Sigurd and not Gunnar. Instead of merely having him slain for the insult done her, she kills him herself with an arrow, intending to die with him and to ride to Valhalla in his company. But she finds, too late, that Sigurd is an adherent of the Great White Christ, and will not be riding to Valhalla at all. Against the modification of the story, with a view to the dramatic contrast of the heathen and Christian ideals, I have nothing to say, except that if Ibsen desired to make this point, it would have been more natural to make it earlier. There is no hint whatever of Christianity before the last ten minutes of the play. Dramatically, I think the closing scene is the most effective of all. What I do not quite understand is the degradation to which the character of the heroine is subjected. Brynhild is a magnificent poetic conception. Hiördis, as interpreted by Miss Terry, and, I think, also as conceived by Ibsen, is hopelessly unsympathetic. In fact, she is neither more nor less than a shrew. I do not quite know what object Ibsen had in this, or wherein it finds its dramatic justification. It makes the play very unpleasant.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

"For Their Own Pleasure."

THE words printed above are a quotation from the catalogue of the Rowland Club—a club composed of men interested in the arts, which is now holding an exhibition in the hall of Clifford's Inn. Six of the artist members of the club, Messrs. Brangwyn, Holroyd, Selwyn Image,

Stirling Lee, Mackmurdo, and Short are showing specimens of their work, done mainly "for their own pleasure," and so arranged in this old Hall that the visitor feels neither lassitude nor satiety. This is a move in the right direction—the thing done for its own sake from a genuine impulse.

Here you may see Mr. Frank Brangwyn as an etcher. His work with the needle, like his work in painting, is bold and broad; in his "Assisi" and "A Road in Picardy" the blacks are massed, and contrasted with the spaces of white, with the same large comprehension of colour that distinguishes his work in oils. Oils, too, he shows, notably a large picture of "Leeks," and another of "Mushrooms," very decorative and imposing. Mr. Frank Short, laying aside his etching needle for a time, offers to the small householder a series of delicate water-colours, notes, touched lightly with faint but not weak colour. His "Sands of Dee" may be slight, but it has space and air. Mr. Charles Holroyd is something of a surprise. At the Painter Etchers' exhibition his work was singled out in this journal for special consideration; last week his book on Michael Angelo was the theme of my discourse; at Clifford's Inn his many exhibits in water-colour and etching add considerably to the distinction of the exhibition. The composition of his "Sack and Faggots" is more than ingenious; in a space so small that a sheet of foolscap would cover it, he has contrived a real picture, a bitter pastoral of the soil. Crowning the upland is a copse against a flying sky, and climbing upwards from below, their old bodies bent under their burdens, an old tanned peasant man and woman ascend painfully and patiently. In another manner is his "Young Triton," a fantasy of mermaids sporting in a roaring sea, their tails and bodies intertwined, the topmost of them bearing aloft the trumpeter of Neptune. Mr. Mackmurdo shows cabinets, a treasure case, and articles of furniture in mahogany, praiseworthy simple in design and of excellent workmanship. When so much modern furniture is decorated mainly to catch the roving eye, it was an agreeable discovery to find that the inside walls of one of his cabinets was decorated, as if the dark interior would always be visible. If called upon to state which of the exhibits gave me the most pleasure, I should name Mr. Stirling Lee's "Marble Head." Carved, I believe, direct from the block, this head of a girl is tenderly alive. The lips are parted, abundant hair folds the smooth brow; the sightless eyes look out reflectively upon the world with an expression that belies their sightlessness. The art of sculpture has made strides in this country during the last generation, mainly through the example of M. Rodin and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, but to many householders sculpture is still the statuary of the mason's yard. Let those who are not yet convinced of its appropriateness for room decoration stroll into Clifford's Inn Hall, and glance at this beautiful head of Mr. Stirling Lee's carved from an ancient piece of Lychnitis marble that holds and reflects the light. It is very youth, tentative and unspoiled, the marble so old, the head eternally young. Assuredly a thing the artist chiselled for his own pleasure.

A small, well-arranged exhibition like this is heartening. I carried away with me distinct impressions of a few artistic personalities, of a few attractive art objects. They did not jostle one another on the walls as I knew would be the case at the summer show of the Old Water Colour Society in Pall Mall. The one hundred and thirty-second exhibition of this venerable Society is infused with new blood; and it contains several drawings that one feels were inspired by no other motive than the pleasure of production. Academic drawings, scenes niggled and laboriously finished, representations of plums and primroses à la Hunt still linger on the walls, but there is also a sensible leaven of newer, individual work. I found the drawings of Mr. James Paterson particularly interesting.

The Society has not yet adopted the system of grouping an artist's contributions together, but there was no mistaking Mr. Paterson's style after his first contribution had been examined. Thrice I found him, and each time it was a gratification to the eye. To some the small swift splashes of colour that stand for figures in his view of "The Anagas, Santa Cruz," might seem too impressionistic, but how well they compose in the pattern of his blue impression of this sunny, sultry corner of the world. Who would have prophesied a few years ago that such a brilliant example of impressionism would be shown on the walls of the Old Water Colour Society? In a different manner is his "Gale Brewing, Orotava," a study of crested waves and spray, white dashing against blue, really moving, and showing that Mr. Paterson has earned the right to work as an impressionist by virtue of having taught himself how to draw. His third drawing, "The Tower, La Laguna," is skied, but its frank simplicity loses nothing from being placed so high above the line.

Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan is another artist whose work one would have expected to see at the New English Art Club rather than here. He is an exceptionally clever draughtsman, fertile in design and decoration, but he has not yet shown that he is a colourist. Indeed, I would go further, and suggest that his proper medium is the outline drawing. Clever as his six studies at this exhibition are, they have not the power and grip of his book illustrations. His figures, especially in "My Lady in Treble," a prankishly ingenious study of reflections, and "The Nuns of Theleme," are well drawn and well posed, but there is a forbidding muddiness about the colour. It would almost seem as if his interest in form is so keen, that he can allow himself to be careless about the colour quality of his textures; careless, too, in not hiding all the traces of his labour. The woman in "A Book of Verses" has a splash of paint on the side of her nose that amounts to a disfigurement. Mr. Arthur Rackham shows a distinct vein of originality in his romantic drawings and illustrations of fairy tales. Other drawings which might be included in the "for their own pleasure" category are Miss Swan's "Dawn, Mürren," Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's "Ragged Robbins," Mrs. Allingham's "Purple Moonlight, Venice," and Mr. J. M. Swan's scholarly and picturesque study of "Tigers in Jungle."

Mr. Roger Fry certainly paints for his own pleasure, but under rigorous rules fixed for himself by himself. He is an upholder of the classical tradition, a willing disciple of the older masters; in some of his water-colours, not the most attractive, he is cousin-german to Girtin. He is also a learned writer on art, a student of the history of painting, calm, competent, severe when necessary, without, I am sure, the least temptation towards impressionistic writing. His style has not the colour or the literary flavour of Mr. MacColl's, but he has something to say, and I, for one, would always buy a journal containing an article from his pen. As a painter he is sparing in the use of the figure; architecture and landscape are his especial themes; among his thirty-five water-colours now being shown at Messrs. Carfax's galleries there is not one that has not been well-considered, studied, and expressed in the best way at his command. Mr. Fry is not a Brangwyn or a Paterson, and probably does not wish to be. His oil pictures are built on classical lines, and do not make any vast appeal to me; but then I am not an ardent admirer of Poussin. That master does not "intrigue" me, as Mr. Harland would say. But some of Mr. Fry's water-colours are quite charming, say the "Verona" bathed in the delicate decay of age, the "Mole," with its tawny light, cut trees, and reflections, and the "St. George and the Dragon." This delighted me, so gaily classical is the rendering of the legend, so well placed are the figures of the Saint, the

praying monk, and the sprawling dragon in the little landscape. It would look well on a wall against Mr. Holroyd's "Sack and Faggots," and in the corner of the room I would place Mr. Stirling Lee's young marble head, all done "for their own pleasure," and giving pleasure.

C. L. H.

Science.

Cricket.

ASSIDUOUSLY buttoning his left glove, the batsman wends his way to his wicket, widened or otherwise. His intentness and his difficulty in that adjustment may be correlated with the presence of more or less "funk." Now "funk" is an actual psychological entity. One may define it as the effect of the emotion of fear upon the neuro-muscular centres, the nerve-cells that control muscular action. To the cricketer this is anathema, to the singer a fearful joy. It has no value for the batsman; it is an aesthetic force for the vocalist. Mr. Edward Lloyd has admitted that he never sings so well as when he is slightly nervous, which is to say that this activity of the emotional centres lends tears or laughter to the voice. But the batsman dreads "funk," for his skill is only incidentally aesthetic. If you take the trouble, as I once did, of observing the frequency with which a batsman makes nothing in both innings—achieves the "pair of spectacles"—you will find that the ratio exceeds that which could be accounted for by chance. The obvious explanation is that the batsman who failed to score in the first innings is all the more likely to repeat his distressing feat in the second, since that nice muscular co-ordination upon which depends his success is unbalanced by the memory of his previous failure and the apprehension of its repetition.

But whether or not he be hampered by this "moral fear," the batsman has next to come to terms with what we know as physical fear. For when he faces the bowler he may remember that a cricket ball is an object of considerable mass—its weight on this planet being five and three-quarter ounces—and possessed, on its course towards him, of no inconsiderable velocity. The crack Australian bowler, Turner, was tested at Woolwich Arsenal many years ago, and was shown to bowl at sixty-six miles per hour. Now the mass multiplied by the velocity gives the momentum— $mv = M$ —and M is an exceedingly palpable force if the wicket be bumpy and the ball impinge upon your thigh or eyebrow. The tyro acts in accordance with the instinct of self-preservation, the first law of protoplasm; he therefore steps backwards, away from the line of the ball's flight—"runs away from his wicket"—and is inevitably bowled. The first essential of batting (and it applies equally to the bowler who has to stop a hard return or the fielder who must get in the way of the ball and, lest his hands should fail, must "keep his legs together") is therefore to defy the natural impulse. So difficult is this that some coaches will fasten the beginner's right foot to the ground so that he cannot budge though he would. And the process by which the batsman "stands up to the bowling"; by which you forbear to return a blow or to fling back an angry taunt; by which we exercise self-control and self-restraint; and by which, rather than by speech or reason, we are distinguished from the brute creation, is known as *inhibition*. It is at once the antithesis of volition and its highest expression.

The new science of psychology is, in this year of grace, by far and away the most interesting subject of human thought. The Greeks studied mind rather than matter, but to-day our study of matter has led us to the fact

that the grey surface of the human brain—the *cortex cerebri*—is, for the denizens of our planet at any rate, the most wonderful thing in the universe. It has been a long climax from the beginning of our nebula. Evolution is in climax yet, but its acme, for us, is the soft grey nervous protoplasm by the subtle chemical changes in your share of which you are at this moment conceiving the import of these words. And the most truly admirable of the functions of the cortex is this of inhibition. Can we analyse, then, this faculty by which the batsman stands his ground?

We must first consider what it is that he must inhibit. It must be recognised that the essence of all movement, whether in animals or plants, is reflex action. This simply means a movement in response to any external force. The *amoeba* moves towards a particle of food that has favourably influenced its sense of smell (as we may figure it), or away from an undesirable particle that has disagreeably affected it. Each movement is a simple reflex action. Volition, as we conceive it, is not involved. Now take the sixth eleven schoolboy facing the professional at the practice-nets. His sense of sight informs him of the rapid advent of an undesirable particle; he is disagreeably affected by the sensation; he voluntarily gets out of the way, and is bowled, or deserves to be. But, after all, there is not much volition in the matter. It is barely more than a simple reflex, as in the case of the *amoeba*. The boy will be a man, and the miff a batsman, when he attains to inhibition of his reflex actions.

The vision of the ball takes place in the hindmost part of the brain. Thence nerve fibres pass to the centres for muscular movement. These are most precisely defined. They lie at the sides of the brain in the "Rolandic area." As a result impulses are sent downwards to subordinate cells in the spinal cord from which fresh impulses pass to the muscles of the right leg, which is withdrawn; and the pusillanimous batsman's leg stump is knocked out of the ground. The volitional centres, which have not yet been localised, are only slightly concerned in this process, as I have shown. But the trained batsman inhibits the performance of this all but reflex action. I suppose Grace has not run away from a ball for thirty years. His inhibitory centres have gained complete control of the quasi-reflex arc. Where the inhibitory centres are, no one has any idea; but nerve-fibres must pass from them to the cells of the Rolandic area and arrest or modify their motor activity. I am conscious of having done much injustice to this wonderful faculty, but I am at present trying to work out a theory of the actual relation between volition and inhibition—between easy acquiescence and "the power to say 'no'"—which I hope to formulate some day upon this page.

Of course, inhibition comes in again a thousand times in batting. If you have the bad habit of counting your runs and know that they number ninety-nine, you must inhibit the almost irresistible impulse to smite wildly at the next ball that comes and thereby complete—or lose—your century. (And this reminds me that the tyro is often a "blind smiter." He shuts his eyes and then lets fly. Shutting the eyes is, of course, an obvious reflex, based upon the need for protection of such delicate organs. This reflex of winking is the most rapid known.) Then again, if you are a "stone-waller," accustomed to bat for an hour without making ten runs, and your side needs fifty runs to win with only twenty minutes to make them in, you must inhibit the long-cultivated reflex—the "habit"—of carefully "blocking" every "half-volley," and must exercise a subtle form of self-control in deliberately conquering yourself and adopting the forcing tactics of a Jessop.

And now what is it that puts batting as a feat of muscular co-ordination far above golf or even billiards? It is the fact that the batsman addresses a moving object. He has to "time" the ball; and, assuming that he has acquired inhibition, he is a good batsman almost in

proportion to this power of "timing." The ball has twenty-one yards to travel from the bowler's arm to your bat. With fast bowling I reckon that its whole journey occupies about three-fifths of a second. To get the best result, from your point of view, your bat must meet the ball at one particular moment near the end of this short period. It is as delicate a nervous feat as I know. Your two eyes must work exactly together, else you will receive two images of the ball, which would be fatal. To this end each eyeball must be moved by the co-ordinated action of no less than six muscles. The twelve are controlled from one centre in the brain, which not only enables the images in each eye to correspond with one another—so that you may see but one ball at the back of your head—but also enables those images to be formed on the "yellow spot," the most sensitive part of your retina—so that the resultant single image may be well defined. Here another sense is called in; one of the many unknown to those who prattle of a "sixth sense." It is called the muscular sense, and gives you a consciousness of where the muscles concerned precisely are, for of course a muscle alters its exact position in space when, and in proportion as, it contracts. The twelve ocular muscles combine to form a stimulus of this muscular sense. This informs you to what degree, and in what direction the eyeballs have been moved in following the ball's flight. The muscular sensation is combined and co-ordinated with the visual impression, the two together actually defining for you the precise position of the ball in space. This fact determined, the volition sets a-going the motor centres in the Rolandic area. They command the spinal cord cells, which transmit the mandate to the cells of the many muscles of the back and shoulders, and arms and legs, which instantly burn the sugar stored within them, and transform its potential into kinetic energy by which they contract and propel the "right spot" of the bat to the exact part of space where the flying ball was previously determined to be—and the batsman scores a boundary, or is caught in the long field; the difference between the two being mainly determined by the nicety of his inhibition over his left shoulder-cap or deltoid muscle. And this feat, of which, if we try to conceive its chemistry, this is obviously only a ludicrously inadequate summary, is accomplished in about the time that you take to the inconceivably more wonderful feat of attaching ideas to the black marks that cover this paper.

C. W. SALESBY.

Correspondence.

Shakespeare, Bacon, and Dr. Murray.

SIR,—In your article "Diversions in O," it is stated that Dr. Murray notes in the "New English Dictionary" that "'out'-verbs . . . were much favoured by Shakespeare, but were almost eschewed by Bacon. . . . In Bacon only two have been found"—one of these being "outshoot," which he maintains had been in common use for seventy years. According to Dr. Murray's own statement, "out"-verbs were "eschewed," not "almost eschewed," by Bacon, and that "while Shakespeare uses fifty-four of these verbs . . . we cite Bacon only for two." "Dr. Murray," as you say, "throws a pebble in the troubled Shakespeare-Bacon pool." It is only a "pebble," and won't make a big splash in the water.

Now "using" or "finding" a word is one thing and "citing" its use is another. In the "New English Dictionary" I have found that invariably for the historical use of a word—even of common words like "change" and "changed"—Dr. Murray adopts Shakespeare in preference to any other author, even when a better and earlier or a contemporaneous use could be "cited" from Bacon. In fact

Dr. Murray "eschews" Bacon, confining his attention to the "Advancement of Learning," "Essays," "Henry VII.," and "Sylva Sylvarum."

For example, to give an historical use of the verb "to countenance," Dr. Murray "cites" Shakespeare in "2 Henry IV." (1597) with the words "to countenance William Visor of Wincot." Now this is a favourite word with Bacon, and a prior and equally good reference, I contend, might have been made to a letter written by Bacon to the Queen in 1593: "Your Majesty has been gracious to me both in countenancing me . . ." (Spedding's "Letters and Life," I., 240.)

Then, again, with the word "impediment," often used by Bacon, Dr. Murray's reference is, of course, to Shakespeare, "Richard III." (1594), although in 1593 Bacon uses the word in a letter to Cecil. (Spedding, I., 237.)

Another pet word with Bacon, used frequently in his "Works and Letters," and only four times by Shakespeare, is "advertisement." For this word Dr. Murray "cites" Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" (produced (?) 1599, published 1600), although Bacon employs the word in a letter to Essex in 1593. Then there is the word "disloyalty," used twice by Shakespeare and many times by Bacon. For his historical use Dr. Murray "cites" Shakespeare's "Much Ado" (1599-1600), and fails to "cite" the use of the word by Bacon in his "Advice to Essex" in March, 1599. Frequently in connection with Essex's rebellion, we find Bacon using the verb "barricado" in 1601, but in the same year Shakespeare uses the word in "All's Well," and this use is credited to him as being the first use in English literature. Then there is the word "fumble," which Shakespeare uses four times, and is "cited" by Dr. Murray for three different uses. Bacon uses the word in his "History of Life and Death," but Bacon is not "cited." Shakespeare uses "blab" three times, and is "cited" twice by Dr. Murray. Bacon uses the word in the same sense more than once in his "Letters" (Spedding, VI., 114), but is not "cited." The Dictionary gives no use of the word "brigue" between 1496 and 1678, but Bacon uses it in 1613 (Spedding, IV., 372). And so also with words like "coagulation," "bates," "counterfeit," "commodities," "to gravel," "goods and chattels," "curds," &c.—Shakespeare is "cited" for their use, not Bacon. I think, therefore, I have made it clear that the non-citation of a word in Bacon does not prove the non-usage of that word by Bacon.

But in many cases I have found Dr. Murray refusing Bacon credit for the first use of a word. One of these is "barricado," already instanced. Another is the noun "buzz," defined by Dr. Murray as (1) "A condition of busy activity, stir, ferment," or (2) "A busy rumour." In the former sense, Dr. Murray's example of the first use is taken from Feltham's "Resolves" (1627), and in the latter sense from Shakespeare's "King Lear" (1605). But the word is frequently used by Bacon in his "Letters," as early as 1601, where we read "to make the more buzz of the danger he stood in." (Spedding, II. 268, and also V. 40 and 43). The first use of "affrontedly" is given as 1656, although Bacon writes in 1616 "most affrontedly." (Spedding, V., 363.)

But, strangest of all, when Bacon is generously accorded and "cited" for the first use of a word, I can find instances of a prior use of the word by Bacon himself, anterior in date to that given in the Dictionary. For instance, the first use of the expression "In competition with" given in the Dictionary is ascribed to Bacon in the "Advancement of Learning" (1605), but in a letter of Bacon's to Sir Thomas Egerton, dated 1597, (Spedding II., 63), he writes: "I see no man ripened for the place of Master of the Rolls in competition with Mr. Attorney-General." And again, the first use of the word "concurrency" (common with Bacon) is also attributed to the

"Advancement of Learning" (1605), although in 1597 Bacon said, in a "Speech on the Subsidy": "So this concurrence of occurrents. . . ." (Spedding, II., 88.)

My contention is that Bacon has not received the same attention as Shakespeare at the hands of Dr. Murray, possibly because there is a Shakespeare "Concordance," which can be more readily consulted than the fourteen volumes of Spedding's "Works" and "Letters" of Bacon for any use of a word, of which works there is no similar "Concordance," although I am glad to know that Mrs. Pott has been for long engaged on what will prove a very useful and interesting volume. From the "Works" of Bacon, we are supplied with the first uses of words in the language, such as "application" (in the sense of "self-adaptation,") "adventive" (used twice in English literature, and both times by Bacon), "allusive," "axiom" (meaning "empirical law"), and "athletic" ("art of activity"). But there are first uses of words in the "Letters" which are not "cited" in the Dictionary. Why? Because the "Letters" were never consulted for such a use. Here is a specimen. The first use of "aggregative," is ascribed by Dr. Murray to Jessop, who uses the word as an adjective, in 1644, but if he turns to Spedding, IV., 54, he will find the word "aggregative" used by Bacon in 1608 as a noun—"3 pills of aggregative." Dr. Murray "cites" no use of the word as a noun although he has a "quasi substantive" equivalent to "aggregate." Here is a new noun actually coined by Bacon, and not "cited" in the Dictionary. Had it been found in the Shakespeare "Concordance" it would have been "cited" right enough, I have not the smallest doubt.

The "Letters" have never, to my knowledge, been "cited" in the Dictionary, and in these, "out-" verbs (in addition to "outshoot") and "out-" words are to be found, unknown to Dr. Murray. Take the verb "outface," for example, for the use of which word Shakespeare is "cited" by Dr. Murray—twice for the same meaning of the word—"2 Henry VI." (1593), "Merchant of Venice" (1596), "1 Henry IV." (1596), and "King Lear" (1605). Even Nathaniel Bacon is "cited," 1649; but Francis Bacon in 1601 (Spedding, II., 225) writes: "Outface it with impudency." Of course he is not "cited" for the use of this "out-" verb. The necessity of "citing" Shakespeare twice, in 1593 and 1596, for the use of a word with a similar signification, is not very apparent. Would the use of the word by Bacon in 1601, instead of the second example from Shakespeare in 1596 (only three years after the first), not have been an improvement in a "historical" Dictionary? Then, the "out-" verb "outlawed" is only used once by Shakespeare, but is common in Bacon ("Works," Vol. VII., and "Henry VII." *passim*). In the next Division of the Dictionary—the new section of which only goes the length of "Outing"—I expect to find Shakespeare, not Bacon, "cited" for the use of "outlawed." And so with "outstrip" (used thrice by Shakespeare) and at least twice by Bacon ("Nov. Org." II., 48; "Letters," IV., 100). Will Bacon be "cited" for "outstrip"? Then there is "outcast" used thrice by Shakespeare, and "cited" of course, by Dr. Murray, from the "Sonnets" (ascribed to 1600, but first published in 1609). Dr. Murray could not get an historical use of this "out-" verb "outcast" between 1600 and Southey's use of the word in 1795, but we have two intermediate uses of it by Bacon in 1612 (Spedding, IV., 268) and in 1623 (Spedding, VII., 549). Then we have an "outweigh" in the "De Aug," VII., 1, an "out-run" in the "Nov. Org." I., 36, and numberless nouns and adjectives compounded with "out," one of them "outlet" ("Essay," XV.) not to be found in Shakespeare! Among these words are "outline," "outrage," "outset," "outworks," &c.

It seems to me, it may not to Dr. Murray, an extraordinary circumstance that more first uses and only uses of certain words in the English language can be drawn

from the writings of Shakespeare and Bacon, two men who lived contemporaneously with each other, were not acquainted with each other (we are informed), and never referred to each other, than from any other dozen other authors combined. Take the word "barricado," the first use of which is, as I have said, by Bacon and Shakespeare in the very same year, 1601, and the word "dexteriously" used for the first time in "Twelfth Night" (1601) (first printed in 1623), used by Bacon in the "Adv. of Learning" (written 1603, printed 1605), and not used again till 1635—a curious history. If Shakespeare invented the word, Bacon must have borrowed it from "Twelfth Night," or from the stage MS. version or performance, as he had no printed copy available till 1623.

Recently Judge Willis maintained: "I do not believe that either the author of the Folio, 1623, or Lord Bacon, added a new word to the English tongue, or used for the first time an old word with a new meaning." Why, we have hundreds of such additions and first uses in Shakespeare and Bacon—newly coined words and new meanings being used by the two writers, or one or other of them, and used by no others, practically at the same time.

Who was the more likely etymologist? I would ask Dr. Murray—for it is a question of etymology—whether Emerson's "man of Stratford," who left school at the age of thirteen or fourteen and at once became a butcher's apprentice, whose father and mother could not write, and who left his "bookless" native town without an education in English (as English, except the A.B.C. per the horn-book, formed no part of any Grammar School curriculum in the days of Elizabeth), but with a vocabulary, according to Max Müller and Stopford Brooke, of 15,000 pure English words, many of them used for the first time according to Dr. Murray—a vocabulary twice as large as the scholarly Milton's; or the great philosopher and English scholar, carefully educated, whose father was Lord-keeper and whose mother was governess to Edward VI., and spoke and wrote English, Latin, Greek, Italian and French "as her native tongue," the man who had left Cambridge, while at the age of 15, as there was nothing more they could teach him, the genius who in his youth declared "I have taken all knowledge to be my province"? (Spedding, I., 108.)

This is apart from the subject; but in conclusion I would suggest that, although the "New English Dictionary" is far advanced, it would be to its advantage, for citations of the first and other uses of English words in the forthcoming sections, if Dr. Murray would set his readers upon Spedding's "Letters and Life of Bacon."—Yours, &c.,

Edinburgh.

GEORGE STRONACH.

Parry v. Moring and Another.

SIR,—As you have quoted with approval Mr. Parry's chaffing letter which contains several misstatements of facts, may I set these right. Mr. Parry, after admitting that his book is a "rotter," asks: 1. "Why appropriate it?" I answer, Mr. Gollancz hasn't appropriated it. 2. "Why not do a better?" Mr. G. has done a better, has given us for the first time an honest text of the book, printing the 130 lines which Mr. Parry deliberately and needlessly left out, and correcting over 600 of his mistakes. 3. "Why crib its text and its arrangement and some of its worst notes?" Mr. G. hasn't crib'd its text, but has turned it into a genuine one: he hasn't crib'd its arrangement, but has independently worked that out for himself; he hasn't crib'd its worst notes, but has accidentally made two of the same blunders Mr. Parry made. 4. "Why not take your coat off, and do the work for yourself?" This is exactly what Mr. G. has done. Why, he gave a week's work to explain one difficult word which floored Mr. Parry. Mr. P. says: "I did several months' honest work at my

edition": so did Mr. Gollancz at his: he has been off and on at it for years, as an old admirer of Dorothy Osborne. In fairness to Mr. G. I hope you'll print this answer.—Yours, &c.,

F. J. FURNIVALL.

"The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman."

SIR,—"Bookworm's" note on the above delightful little book falls so far short of satisfaction, that it does not mention the fact that there is good evidence for supposing that Thackeray's hand is to be found, not only in the ballad itself, but in the even more delightful prose notes appended to it.

Indeed, I am of opinion that Dickens wrote the introduction only, and that Mr. Kitton has no right to include the Ballad amongst the "Inimitable's" Plays and Poems.

In the first edition will be found the misspelt "soubriquet" for "sobriquet," of which certainly Thackeray would not have been guilty.—Yours, &c.,

G. S. L.

A Correction.

SIR,—I must thank a correspondent for pointing out to me a stupid error of calculation on my part in my article, "The Inner Limit of Vision." In speaking of what I have called the "gap" rays, which may be postulated to intervene between ordinary light and the Röntgen rays, I referred to an interval of "hundreds of octaves." Probably I should have said "dozens"—which also may be incorrect; but the wave-length of the Röntgen rays has only been guessed. Our foremost English authority—Lord Rayleigh—spoke to me the other day of "hundreds," as a shot at the ratio between the speeds, and that is all we can say at present.

I may take this opportunity of adding that the essential identity of the Röntgen rays with sunlight is further shown by the fact that the rays do effect a very faint illumination of the retina. That is to say, though their form cannot be traced, they can be faintly seen.—Yours, &c.,

C. W. SALEEBY.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 187 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best letter describing an incident which occurred during the Easter Holidays. Twenty-seven replies have been received. We award the prize to Mr. J. C. Segrue, Thrle Hall, Streatham, S.W., for the following:—

We were at Brussels and it was Maunday Thursday. A glorious evening following an equally glorious day had tempted us to take a promenade along the Boulevards. The streets were crowded, people of all nationalities were coming to and fro, some on pleasure bent, others like ourselves enjoying an evening stroll. Wandering aimlessly on, we found ourselves opposite the Café Victoria; here the crowd was especially dense, long queues forming up outside the doors. Our curiosity being aroused, we entered; a curious sight met our eyes, for in the large *salle* seated at the numerous little tables were men and women of almost every class and condition of life. What did it all mean? Surely no ordinary programme (it was a *café chantant*) could bring together so strange and curious an audience: We were right. M. M——, the famous Belgian dramatist and author, had promised to recite his new and thrilling poem "La Belgique heureuse," which will in future take the place of the present Belgian "National Anthem." Leaning on a staff draped in the Belgian colours, he commenced his recitation; in measured tones, he told the story of their race; its birth, its infancy, its sorrows and its joys. Back to the herds of ancient Flanders he carried us, and as he spoke tears came to his eyes, whilst his audience cheered and cheered. . . . We left the café—it was raining—the streets were deserted—from the Belgium of yesterday we had passed to the Belgium of to-day.

Other replies follow :—

I joined my militia regiment on Sunday last, and have been doing real soldier's work all this week, protecting railway property from the strikers. Last night I stood sentry on the "Holfweg" bridge. Just after sunrise a group of men came towards the railway dyke about fifty yards from where I stood; they started walking on the line in the direction of Amsterdam, and away from me. Of course, the moment they did so, I challenged them. They paid no attention; I challenged again—and a third time. Then I fired in the air. Upon this one of them looked round and shouted something, which I did not hear. They kept walking on the line, however, and I had no choice then but to fire at them. I aimed low at the man who had shouted, hoping to disable without seriously wounding him; but I was nervous, and in the act of pulling the trigger I felt that it was a bad shot. The man collapsed on the spot as if his legs had been mowed away from under him! He was killed outright! It was a sickening sight, and I fear that the memory of it will haunt me all my life. And after all it turned out that the men were not strikers. They had passes, but did not know they had to show them! Surely some one has blundered. I am under arrest pending inquiry.

[K. B., Amsterdam.]

You ask what memorable incident has Easter brought to any of us? To me certainly one thing, the thought of a strange expression passing over the face of a peasant woman. She let us into her cottage for shelter from a thin rain that came sweeping across the Welsh mountains, a tall, reserved woman, haggard of face, with hair growing grey, and asked us to sit down in the inner room, a bedroom, as the other she was then washing up. It was so dark within that I did not noticed a child lying asleep on the bed, till it stirred and began to cough. My sister said it was hooping-cough. "Let's go then," I cried dismayed; "I don't want that in my holidays." My voice, raised unconsciously, caught the woman's attention perhaps, for she came in quickly, and going to the bedside, looked down at the child; looked and said nothing. But then the singular expression I have mentioned came over her face. Pity and maternal love? Yes, these, but something more. Here, for a moment, was a wise shining-faced one, full of an infinite and delicate apprehension of far-off things. Only twice before, at long intervals, have I seen that strange look; once it was a young girl with her lover (oh, the force of it as it swept over her face); once a monk. All three were very silent. Something undiscoverable to us others they had doubtless found, each of them, but they kept their secret.

[F. H., Penarth.]

I was leaning from my open window on the evening of Easter Monday. Presently three girls came swinging along the road arm in arm, talking shrilly. My ear distinguished repeatedly "e sez to me, 'e sez," and in triumphant accents, "I sez to 'im—I!" Just opposite to my window they pulled up abruptly. "'Ere, where's my cowlslip?" cried a voice in consternation. One of the figures detached herself and began shaking her clothes, exclaiming in tones of grief (she had the most piercing voice I had ever heard): "'An' I picked 'em for mother an' all, to give 'er a smell o' the country!" Presently her companions became impatient. "Come along, Annie," they urged; "they'll think we're lost!" "You can just shut up!" returned Annie, hotly, "I'm going back to look for mother's cowlslips." They banded rapid speech, Annie's shrill retorts coming bitterly from an increasing distance. Suddenly the other two made a rush for her and, each seizing an arm, started to hustle her down the road. She was small and ineffective, but her extraordinary voice divided the night with florid vocables. Suddenly one of the captors gave a shriek of discovery. "Wy 'ere they are, silly, stuck inside your blouse with your 'ankey!" "That's a mercy, anyway!" came in relieved tones, and then, "Well, an' so I sez to 'im—I!" The voices died away and I tried to remember whether cowlslips appeared so early in Spring. I decided at last that they may have meant primroses.

[E. K. L., Birkenhead.]

Competition No. 188 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best criticism of any book, new or old, which our competitors may have read this year. Replies not to exceed 300 words.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 29 April, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Clifford (Rev. Cornelius), <i>Introibo</i>(Cathedral Library Association) \$1.50	
Weldon (Rt. Rev. J. E. O.), <i>Youth and Duty</i>(Religious Tract Society) 3/6	
McCabe (Joseph), <i>Church Discipline</i>(Duckworth) net 3/0	
Carpenter (J. Estlin) and Wicksteed (P. H.), <i>Studies in Theology</i> ...(Dent) net 5/0	

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Cleather (Alice Leighton) and Crump (Basil), <i>The Ring of the Nibelung: An Interpretation</i>(Methuen) 2/6	
Wreaths of Song from a Course of Divinity.....(Gill) net 2/0	
Middleton (J. A.), <i>Love Songs and Little Lyrics</i>(Limpus) net 2/6	
Thomsett (Richard Gillham), <i>Thoughts in Verse</i>(Partridge) 1/0	
Platt (Agnes), <i>The Stage in 1902</i>(Richards) net 1/0	
Boynton (H. W.), <i>The Golfer's Rubaiyat</i>(") net 3/6	
Tadema (Laurence Alma), <i>Songs of Womanhood</i>(") net 3/0	

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Buckley (Charles Burton), <i>An Anecdotal History of Old Times in Singapore. 2 vols.</i>(Frazer and Neave, Singapore)	
Bryce (James), <i>Studies in Contemporary Biography</i>(Macmillan) net 10/6	
Woodburn (James Albert), <i>Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States</i>(Putnam's) 9/6	
Pike (G. Holden), <i>Wesley and His Preachers</i>(Unwin) 7/0	
Rushton (William Lowes), <i>selected and arranged by, Letters of a Templar, 1820-1850</i>(Stimpkin)	
Mee (Arthur), <i>edited by, England's Mission by England's Statesmen</i>(Richards) 6/0	
A Report of the Facts of the Copyright Action brought by Edward Abbott Parry against Alexander Moring and Israel Gollanex (Sherratt and Hughes) net 0/6	

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Livingston (Burton Edward), <i>The Role of Diffusion and Osmotic Pressure in Plants</i>(University of Chicago Press)	
Dopp (Katharine Elizabeth), <i>The Place of Industries in Elementary Education (University of Chicago Press)</i>	
Bain (Alexander), <i>Dissertations on Leading Philosophical Topics (Longmans) net 7/6</i>	
Gore (J. Ellard), <i>The Stellar Heavens</i>(Chatto and Windus)	

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Shoemaker (Michael Myers), <i>The Great Siberian Railway</i>(Putnam's) net 9/0	
Besant (Sir Walter) and Mitton (G. E.), <i>The Fascination of London: Holborn and Bloomsbury</i>(Black) net 1/6	

EDUCATIONAL.

Macrae (Rev. Alexander), <i>Principles of English Grammar</i>(Relfe) 1/4	
Wyatt (G. H.), <i>Preliminary Geometry</i>(") 1/4	
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Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly publish a work by Dr. Rhys Davids on Buddhist India, in the "Story of the Nations series." It is a first attempt to present Indian history from a point of view independent of that of the Brahmins.

